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To recreate the gloomy Heart.

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COLLECY CIRBTE
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DIVERSTNG WITTY COMPANION

A choice Collection of the most
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fit for the most
GRAMS



The glowing Tropic and
With shining stars and
The glorious Sun and
The blazing Orb of
The radiant beam in
To rescue the gloomy

Printed in the
London

TO THE
CHOICE SPIRITS

OF THE PRESENT AGE;

AND TO THE
GENTLEMEN AND LADIES

OF THE COUNTIES OF DURHAM

AND NORTHUMBERLAND,

THIS COLLECTION IS MOST

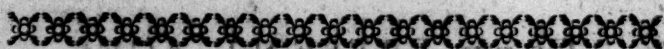
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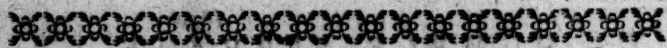
THE EDITOR.

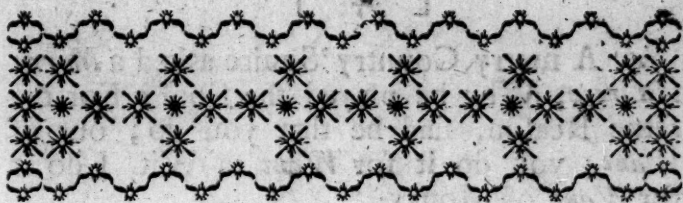



ADVERTISEMENT.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

ALL Care has been taken of rendering this the most inoffensive, as well as the most instructive JEST-BOOK now extant, by omitting every Thing that is offensive or obscene, so to render it worthy the Perusal of the most chaste of both Sexes.





I.  HERE being a great Disturbance one Night at *Drury-lane* Play-house, the late Mr. *Wilks*, coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low Bow, with the Orange in his Hand, This is no Civil Orange, I think, said he.

2. In the Reign of Queen *Anne*, when it was said the Lord *Oxford* had got a great Number of Peers made at once to serve a particular Turn, being met the next Day by my Lord *Wharton*; So, *Robin*, said he, I find what you lost by Tricks, you have gained by Honours.

3. Sir *T. P.* once in Parliament, brought in a Bill that wanted some Amendment, which being not attended to by the House, he frequently repeated, That he thirsted to mend his Bill. Upon which, a worthy Member got up, and said, Mr. Speaker, I humbly move since that Member thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his Draught. This put the House in such good Humour, that his Request was granted.

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4. A merry Country 'Squire asked a *Merry Andrew*, Why he played the Fool? For the same Reason, said he that you do; out of *Want*; you do it for *Want* of Wit, I do it for *Want* of Money.

5. When the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came first to Court, he happen'd to stand next to my Lady *Dorchester* one Evening in the Drawing-room, who being but little upon the Reserve on most Occasions, let a Fart; upon which he look'd her full in the Face and laugh'd. What's the Matter, my Lord? said she: O! I heard it, Madam, replied the Duke, You'll make a fine Courtier indeed, said she, if you mind every Thing you *hear* in this Place.

6. Although the Infirmities of Nature are not proper Subjects to make a Jest of; yet when People take a great deal of Pains to conceal what every Body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this Sort was old *Cross* the Player, who being very deaf did not care any Body should know it. Honest *Joe Miller* going with a friend one Day along *Fleet-street*, and seeing old *Cross* on the other Side of the Way, told his Acquaintance he should see some Sport; so beckoning to *Cross* with his Finger, and stretching open his Mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, though he said nothing, the old Fellow came puffing from the other Side of the Way, What a Pox, said he, do you make such a Noise for, do you think one cannot hear?

7. *Joe Miller*, another Day, sitting in the Window at the *Sun Tavern*, in *Clare-street*, while a Fish-woman was passing by, crying, Buy my Souls, Buy my Maids, Ah! you wicked old Creature, said *Joe*, are you not contented to sell your own Soul, but you must sell your Maid's too?

8. *Sir William Davenant*, the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the *Meuse* one Day, a Beggar-woman following him, crying, Ah! God preserve your Eye-sight, Sir; the Lord preserve your Eye-sight Why, good Woman, saith he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye-sight? Ah! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

9. A conceited Fellow fancied himself a Poet, ask'd *Nat. Lee*, if it was not easy to write like a Madman as he did? No answered *Nat.* but it is easy to write like a Fool as you do.

10. *Colley*, who notwithstanding his Odes, has now and then said a good Thing, being told one Night behind the Scenes by the late Duke of *Wharton*, that he expected to see him hanged or beggared very soon; By G—d said the Laureat, if I had your Grace's Politics and Morals, you might expect both.

11. A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so close to the Fire that he burnt his Boots. An arch Rogue, who sat in the Chimney Corner, cried

ed out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently. My Boots you mean, I suppose, said the Gentleman. No Sir, replied the other, they are burnt already.

12. A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, one of them called to him with an insolent Air: Well, honest Fellow, said he, 'tis your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Countryman replied, 'Tis very likely you may truly, for I am sowing Hemp.

13. *Villiers*, the witty and extravagant Duke of *Buckingham*, in King *Charles* II'd's Time, was saying one Day to Sir *Robert Viner*, in a melancholic Humour; I am afraid, Sir *Robert*, I shall die a Beggar at last, which is the most terrible Thing in the World: Upon my Word, my Lord, said Sir *Robert*, there is another Thing more terrible which you have Reason to apprehend, That is, that you will live a Beggar, at the Rate you go on.

14. The same noble Duke, another Time, was making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, and ask'd him what he should do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? Live as I do my Lord, said Sir *John*; That I can do, answered the Duke, when I am ruined.

15. At another Time a Person, who had been a Dependent on his Grace, begg'd his Interest for him at Court; and to press the Thing more home upon the Duke, said, He had

had nobody to depend upon but God and his Grace. Then, says the Duke, you are in a miserable Way; for you could not have pitched upon any two who have less Interest at Court.

16. The great *Algernoon Sidney* seemed to shew little Concern at his Death; he had, indeed, got some Friends to interceed with the King for a Pardon; but when it was told him, that his Majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his Life; but that in Regard to his noble and ancient Family, he would remit Part of his Sentence, and only have his Head cut off. Nay, said he, if his Majesty is resolved to have my Head, he may make a Whistle of my A—— if he please.

17. Lady C——g and her two Daughters, having taken Lodgings at a Leather-breeches Maker's in *Piccadilly*, the Sign of the Cock and Leather-breeches, was always put to the Blush, when she was obliged to give any Body Directions to her Lodgings, the Sign being so odd; upon which my Lady, a very good Sort of a Woman, sending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, she liked him and his Lodgings very well, but must be forced to quit them on Account of his Sign; for she was ashamed to tell any Body what it was. Oh dear Madam, said the young Fellow, I would do any Thing rather than lose so good Lodgers; I can easily alter my Sign: So I think, replied my Lady; and I'll tell you how you may best please me and my
A 4 Daugh-

Daughters, Only take down your Breeches and let your Cock stand.

18. When Sir *Richard Steele* was fitting up his great Room in *York Buildings*, which he intended for Public Orations, he happened at a Time to be pretty much behind Hand with his Workmen; and coming one Day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the Rostum, and make a Speech that he might observe how it could be heard: The Fellow mounting, and scratching his Pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for, in Truth he was no Orator. Oh! said the Knight, no Matter for that, speak any Thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir *Richard*, says the Fellow, we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money: Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us? Very well, very well, said Sir *Richard*, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I do not admire your Subject.

19. A Country Clergyman, meeting a Neighbour who never came to Church, altho' an old Fellow above Sixty, he gave him some Reproof on that Account, and ask'd him if he never read at Home? No, replied the Clown, I cannot read: I dare say, said the Parson, you don't know who made you? Not I in Troth, cried the Countryman. A little Boy in coming by at the same Time, Who made you Child? said the Parson: God, Sir, answered

swered the Boy. Why, look you there, quoth the honest Clergyman, are not you ashamed to hear a Child of five or six Year's old tell me who made him, when you, that is so old a Man, cannot? Ah! said the Countryman, it is no Wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other Day, 't is great while Measter, sin I was made.

20. A certain Reverend Drone in the Country was complaining to another, That it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day. Oh! said the other, I preach twice every *Sunday*, and make *nothing* of it.

21. One of the aforesaid Levites, as was his Custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a Congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the Church, one after another, before the Sermon was near ended. Truly, said a Gentleman present, this learned Doctor has made a very *moving* Discourse.

22. A *French* Marquis, being one Day at Dinner at the late *Roger Williams's*, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions, particularly the Ruffle, which, said he, was de fine Ornament of de Hand, and had been followed by all de other Nations. *Roger* allowed what he said, but observed at the same Time, That the *English*, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding the Shirt to it.

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23. A young Gentleman of very good Family who had only a Pair of Colours in the Guards, had been for some Time in vain soliciting for a Company; 'till happening to be on a Visit, where her late Grace of *Marl*— had met with an indelible Disgrace, by accidentally breaking Wind backwards; if our bold Son of *Mars*, had not with great Gallantry, taken the Shame upon himself, and ask'd a thousand Pardons for the pretended Offence he had committed, which quite freed her from the least Suspicion of it: Her Grace was so charmed with the Presence of Mind, and polite Manner in which the young Ensign had brought her off, that she never let my Lord Duke rest, 'till he had given him the Company he wanted; and upon delivering his Commission to him, You find, Colonel, said she, it is an ill Wind that blows nobody Good.

24. A Gentleman, having lent a Guinea for two or three Days to a Person whose Promises he had not much Faith in, was very much surprized to find, that he very punctually kept his Word with him; the same Gentleman being some Time after desirous of borrowing a larger Sum, No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second Time.

25. My Lord Chief Justice *Holt* had sent, by his Warrant, one of the *French* Prophets, a foolish Sect, that started up in his Time, to Prison; upon which, Mr *Lacy* one of their Followers, came one Day to my Lord's House,

House, and desired to speak with him; the Servants told him, their Lord was not well, and saw no Company that Day: But tell him, said *Lacy*, I must see him; for I come to him from the Lord God; which being told the Chief Justice, he ordered him to come in, and ask'd him his Business: I come, said he, from the Lord, who hath sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *Noli prosequi* for *John Atkins*, who is his Servant, and whom thou hast cast into Prison. Thou art a false Prophet, answer'd my Lord, and a lying Knave; for if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-general; for he knows it is not in my Power to grant a *Noli prosequi*.

26. *Daniel Purcell*, the famous Punster, and a Friend of his, meeting, and having a Desire to drink a Glass of Wine together, upon the 30th of *January*, King *Charles's* Martyrdom, they went to the *Salutation* Tavern upon *Holburn-hill*, and finding the Door shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not opened to them; only one of the Drawers look'd through a little Wicket, and ask'd, What they would please to have? Why, open your Door, said *Daniel*, and draw us a Pint of Wine: The Drawer said, his Master would not allow of it that Day for it was a Fast. D—mn your Master, replied he, for a precise Coxcomb; is he not contented to fast himself, but he must make his Doors fast too?

27. Sir *B—ch—r W——y*, in the Beginning

ning of *Queen Anne's* Reign, and three or four more drunken Tories, reeling Home from the *Fountain Tavern* in the *Strand*, on a *Sunday Morning*, cried out, We are the Pillars of the Church. No, by G—d, said a Whig, that happen'd to be in their Company, you can be but the Buttresses; for you never come on the Inside of it.

28. When *Oliver* first coin'd his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inscription on one Side, God with us: On the other, The Commonwealth of *England*. I see, said he. God and the Commonwealth are on different Sides.

29. Colonel *Bond*, who had been one of *King Charles I.* Judges, died a Day or two before *Oliver*, and it was strongly reported every where that *Cromwell* was dead; No, said a Gentleman, who knew better, he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his farther Appearance.

30. A *Welshman* bragging of his Family, said, His Father's Effigy was set up in *Westminster-abbey*: Being ask'd whereabouts, he said, In the same Monument with 'Squire *Tbyrne's*, for he was his Coachman.

31. My Lord *Stangford*, who stammered very much was telling a certain Bishop that sat at his Table, that *Balaam's* Ass spoke, because he was Pri—est—. Priest-rid, Sir, said a Valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the Chair, my Lord would say. No Friend, replied

plied the Bishop, *Balaam* could not speak himself, and so his Ass spoke for him.

32. The same noble Lord ask'd a Clergyman once, at the Bottom of his Table, Why the Goose, if there was one, was always placed next the Parson? Really, said he, I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose, for the future, without thinking of your Lordship.

33. After the Fire of *London*, there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buildings of the City; every House was to be three Stories high, and there were to be no Balconies backwards: A *Gloucestershire* Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, just after this Act passed, going along the Street, and seeing a little crooked Gentlewoman on the other Side of the Way, he runs over to her in great Haste; Lord, Madam, said he, how dare you walk thus publicly in the Streets? Walk publicly in the Streets! and why not, pray Sir? answered the little Woman. Because, said he, you are built directly contrary to the Act of Parliament; you are but two Stories high, and your Balcony hangs over your House of Office.

34. King *Charles II.* having ordered a new Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at a Time when Addresses were coming up to him from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Kalligrew* went to the Taylor, and ordered him to make a very large Pocket on one Side of the Coat, and one so small on the other, that the King could

could hardly get his Hand into it; which seeming very odd, when they were brought Home, the King asked the Meaning of it; the Taylor said, Mr. *Killigrew* ordered it so. *Killigrew* being sent for, and interrogated, said, One Pocket was for the Addressees of his Majesty's Subjects, the other for the Money they would give him.

35 *Tom B——rn——t* happening to be at Dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter Part of Queen *Anne's* Reign, after two or three Healths the Ministry was toasted; but when it came to *Tom's* Turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time, by telling a Story to the Person who sat next him: The Chief Magistrate of the City, not seeing his Toast go round, called out, Gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry? At nothing, by G—d, says *Tom*, and to drank off his Glass.

36 Mr. Serjeant *G——d——r*, being lame of one Leg, and pleading before the late Judge *Fortescue*, who had little or no Nose, the Judge told him, He was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it. Oh! my Lord, said the Serjeant, have a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the Nose on your Face.

37. *Michael Angelo*, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chapel, painted among the Figures in Hell that of a certain Cardinal, who was his Enemy, so like, that every Body knew it at first Sight: Whereupon

upon the Cardinal complained to Pope *Clement* VIIth of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced: You know very well, said the Pope, I have Power to deliver a Soul out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.

38. King *Charles* II. being prevailed upon by one of his Courtiers to knight a very worthless Fellow, of a mean Aspect; when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, the new Knight drew a little back, and hung down his Head, as out of Countenance; Don't be ashamed, said the King, 'tis I have most Reason to be so.

39. King *Henry* VIII. designing to send a Nobleman on an Embassy to *Francis* I. at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, saying such a threatening Message to so hot a Prince as *Francis* I. might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, said old *Harry*, if the *French* King should offer to take away your Life, I would revenge you by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen* now in my Power. But of all these Heads, replied the Nobleman, there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.

40. A Country Fellow, who was just come to *London*, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last look'd into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there; but calling to the Clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? Logger-
B heads,

heads, cried the other. Do you? answer'd the Countryman, Egad then you've a special Trade, for I see you have but one left.

41. When Sir *Cloudefly Shovel* set out on his last Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer compos'd by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, for the Success of the Fleet, in which his Grace made use of this unlucky Expression, That he begged God would be a Rock of Defence to the Fleet; which occasioned the following Lines to be made upon the Monument set up for him in *Westminster-abbey*, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the Rocks call'd, *The Bishop and his Clerks*.

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,
Else had we wanted now this Monument;
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n the wise Petition mock;
To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

42. The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal, on a *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid, was asking another, Whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning: No, Faith, *Jemmy*, replied the other, I'm afraid there's no Cole, which is a cant Word for Money. By G--d, said *Spiller*, if there's no Cole, we must burn Wood.

43. Mr. *G—n*, the Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman who had just received a slight

slight Wound in a Rencontre, gave Orders to his Servant to go home with all Haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaister; the Patient turning a little Pale, Lord, Sir, said he, I hope there is no Danger? Yes, indeed there is, answered the Surgeon, for if the Fellow don't set up a good Pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns.

44. An *Englishman* and a *Welchman* disputing in whose Country was the best Living; the *Welchman* said, There is such noble House-keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner. Ay, answered the *Englishman*, that was because every Man toasted his own Cheefe.

45. The late Sir *Godfrey Kneller* had always a great Contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for *Fervais* the Painter; and being one Day about twenty Miles from *London*, one of his Servants told him at Dinner, That there was Mr. *Fervais* come that Day into the same Town with a Coach and Four. Ay, said Sir *Godfrey*, if his Horses draw no better than himself, they'll never carry him to Town again.

46. Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street, one ask'd the other, How the Devil he could afford to under-sell him every where as he did, when he Stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself? Why, you silly Dog, answered the other, I steal them ready made.

47. A Gentleman coming to an Inn, in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Ostler expert and tractable about the Horses, ask'd how long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was, I'fe *Yerkshire*, said the Fellow, and ha lived sixteen Years here. I wonder, replied the Gentleman, that in so long a Time, so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself. Ay, answered the Ostler, but Maister's *Yerkshire* too.

48. The late Colonel *Chartres* reflecting on his ill Life and Character, told a certain Nobleman, That if such a Thing as a good Name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 l. for one. The Nobleman said, It would certainly be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why so, said the honest Colonel? Because, answered the Lord, you would forfeit it again in less than a Week.

49. The late Earl of S—— kept an *Irish* Footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making Bulls as the most learned of his Countrymen. My Lord having sent him one Day with a Present to a certain Judge; the Judge in Return sent my Lord half a Dozen of live Partridges with a Letter; the Partridges fluttering in the Basket upon *Teague's* Back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the Basket, and opened the Lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the Devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone; but when he came home, and my Lord had read the Letter: Why *Teague*, said my Lord,
I find

I find there are half a Dozen Patridges in the Letter : Now, arrah dear Honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the Letter, for they are all lost out of the Basket.

50. The Lord *N—th* and *G—y*, when Mrs. *Rogers* the Actress was young and handsome used to dangle after her ; and one Night being behind the Scenes, standing with his Arms folded in the Posture of a desponding Lover, and ask'd her, with a Sigh, What was a Cure for Love ? Your Lordship, said she, the best in the World.

51. The old Lord *Strangford* taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine : Here, Doctor, said he, I can send a Couple of Ho-ho-hounds to *Fra-Fra-France* (for his Lordship had a great Impediment in his Speech) and have a Ho-ho-ho's head for them : What do you say to that, Doctor ; Why, replied he, I say, that your Lordship has your Wine Dog cheap.

52. A reverend and charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caused a large Causeway to be begun : And as he was one Day overlooking the Work, a certain Nobleman came by ; Well, Doctor, said he, for all your great Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the Highway to Heaven : Very true, my Lord, replied the Doctor, for if it had, I should have wonder'd to have met your Lordship here.

53. Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous Lies, a

Person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told them one of his own: That at St *Alban's* there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserved for the Use of that Saint; and that ever since, if a Swine should eat out of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuits hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day to St. *Alban's*, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling them so monstrous a Story. Look ye there now, said he, you told me a hundred Lies t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.

54. A *Welchman* and an *Englishman* vapouring one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries; the *Englishman* said, There was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a *Kiboo* was thrown in over Night, it would be so covered with Grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next Day. Splut, says the *Welchman*, what's that? There's a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.

55. An under Officer of the Customs at the Port of *Liverpool*, running heedlessly along the Ship's Gunnel, happened to tip over-board and was drown'd; being soon after taken up the

the Coroner's Jury was summoned to sit upon the Body: One of the Jurymen returning home, was called to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought in; and whether they found it *velo de se*? Ay, ay, says the Juryman, shaking his Noddle, he fell into the Sea sure enough.

56. When the Prince of *Orange* came over at the Time of the Revolution, five of the seven Bishops who were sent to the *Tower* declared for his Highness, and the two others would not come into Measures; upon which, Mr. *Dryden* said, That the Seven Golden Candlesticks were sent to be essayed in the Tower, and five of them prov'd to be Prince's Metal.

57. King *Charles II.* being in Company with the Lord *Rochester*, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, *Killigrew* came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults: No, Faith, says *Killigrew*, I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.

58. When the Lord *Jefferies*, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the Bar once, a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, pushed the Matter very home on the Side he swore of. *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Hark you, you Fellow, in the Leather Doublet, what have you for Swearing? To which the Countryman

tryman smartly reply'd, Faith, Sir, if you had no more for Lying, than I have for Swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.

59 The Lord *Dorset*, in a former Reign, was asking a certain Bishop, Why he conferred Orders on so many Blockheads? Oh, my Lord, said he, it is better the Ground should be ploughed by Asses, than lie quite untill'd.

60. Sir *Godfrey Ineller*, the Painter, and the late Dr. *Radcliffe*, had a Garden in common, but with one Gate: Sir *Godfrey*, upon some Occasion, ordered the Gate to be nailed up. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, He did not care what Sir *Godfrey* did to the Gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir *Godfrey*, Well, replied he, I can take that, or any Thing else but *Physic*, from my good Friend Dr. *Radcliffe*.

61. An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a Bye Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson with an erected Crest, told him he was better fed than taught. Very true, indeed, Sir, replied the Farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.

62. A worthy old Gentleman in the Country having employed an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in *London*, he was greatly surpris'd on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum
he

he expected ; the honest Attorney assured him, that there was no Article in his Bill, but what was fair and reasonable : Nay, said the Country Gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and Four-pence for going to *Southwark*, when none of my Businels lay that Way ; pray what is the Meaning of that, Sir ? Oh, Sir, said he, that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey from the Carrier's that you sent me for a Present out of the Country.

63. My Lord Chief Justice *Jefferies* had a Cause before him between a *Jew* that was Plaintiff, and a *Christian* Defendant. The latter pleaded, though the Debt was very Just, that the *Jew* had no Right, by the Laws of *England*, to bring an Action. Well, says my Lord, have you no other Plea ? No, my Lord, says he, I insist on this Plea : Do you ? says my Lord, then let me tell you, you are the greater *Jew* of the two.

64. When his late Majesty in coming from *Holland*, happened to meet with a violent Storm at Sea, the Captain of the Yatch cried to the Chaplain, In five Minutes more, Doctor, we shall be with the Lord ; the Lord forbid, answered the Doctor.

65. A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got, I'll banter him a little. Doctor, said he, you don't follow

low the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass. Why really Sir, replied the Parson, the King has made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a Mind to it.

66. A Country Lass with a Pail of Milk on her Head going to Market, was reckoning all the Way, what she might make of it. This Milk, said she, will bring me so much Money, the Money will buy so many Eggs, those Eggs so many Chickens, and, with the Fox's Leave, those Chickens will make me Mistress of a Pig, and that Pig may grow a fat Hog, and when I have sold that, I may buy a Cow and Calf: And then, says she, comes a Sweetheart, perhaps a Farmer; him I marry, and my Neighbours will say, How do you do, Goody Such a one? and I'll answer, Thank you Neighbour, How do you? But may be my Sweetheart may be a Yeoman, and then it will be, How do you do, Mrs Such-a-one? I'll say, Thank you. Oh! but suppose I should marry a Gentleman; then they'll say, Your Servant Madam; but then I'll toss up my Head, and say nothing. Upon the sudden Transport of this Thought, and with the Motions of her Head, down came the Milk, which put an End at once to her fine Scheme of her Eggs, her Chickens, her Pig, her Hog, and her Husband.

67. A Gentleman calling for small Beer at another Gentleman's Table, finding it very hard

hard, gave it to the Servant again without drinking. What, said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer? It is not to be found Fault with, answered the other, for one should never speak Ill of the Dead.

68. A Parson in his Sermon having vehemently inveighed against Usury, and said, That lending Money upon Use was as great a Sin as Wilful Murder; having some Time after an Occasion to borrow twenty Pounds himself, and coming to one of his Parishioners with that Intent; the other asked him, if he would have him guilty of a Crime he had spoke so much against, and lend out Money upon Use. No, said the Parson, I would have you lend it *Gratis*. Ay, replied the other, but in my Opinion, if lending Money upon Use be as bad as Wilful Murder, lending it *Gratis* can be little better than *Felo-de-se*.

69. A Gentleman threatening to go to Law, was dissuaded from it by his Friends, who desired him to consider, for the Law was chargeable: I don't care, replied the other, I will not consider, I will go to Law. Right, said his Friend, for if you go to Law, I am sure you don't consider.

70. One good Housewife, who was a notable Woman at turning and torturing her old Rags, was recommending her Dyer to another, as an excellent Fellow in his Way: That's impossible, said the other, for I hear he is a great Drunkard, and beats his Wife, and run's in every Body's Debt. What then, said

said the first, he may never be the worse Dyer for all these Things. No, answered the other, can you imagine so bad a Liver can die well!

71. A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money: The Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money. Did'st thou tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away? Yes, Sir, answered the Boy, but he bade me tell you that he was.

72. A Gentleman having sent for his Carpenter's Servant to knock a Nail or two in his Study; the Fellow, after he had done, scratched his Ears, and said, He hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. Make you drink said the Gentleman, there's a Pickle Herring for you, and if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.

73. *Alphonso*, King of *Naples*, sent a *Moor*, who had been his Captive a long Time, to *Barbary*, with a considerable Sum of Money to purchase Horses, and to return by such a Time. There was about the King a Buffoon or Jester, who had a Table book, wherein he used to register any remarkable Absurdity that happened at Court. The Day the *Moor* was dispatch'd to *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting on the King at Supper, the King call'd for his Table-book; in which the Jester kept a regular

lar Journal of Absurdities. The King took the Book, and read, How *Alphonso*, King of *Naples*, had sent *Beltram* the *Moor*, who had been a long Time his Prisoner, to *Morocco*, his own Country, with so many thousand Crowns to buy Horses. The King turn'd to the Jester, and ask'd, Why he interted that? Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again; and so you have lost both Man and Money: But, if he does come, says the King, then your Jest is marr'd: No, Sir, replies the Buffoon, for if he should return, I will blot out your Name and put in his for a Fool.

74. A Sharper of the Town seeing a Country Gentleman sit alone in an Inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the Liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a Paper of Tobacco, and said, Do you imoke, Sir? Yes, says the Gentleman, very gravely, any one that has a Design upon me.

75. Among the Articles exhibited to King *Henry*, by the *Irish* against the Earl of *Kildare*, the last concluded thus:—And finally all *Ireland* cannot rule the Earl. Then, said the King, the Earl shall rule all *Ireland*; and so made him Deputy.

76. Two Country Attornies overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to break a Joke upon him, ask'd him, Why his Fore-
C horse

horse was so fat, and the Rest so lean? The Waggoner knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, answered them, That his Fore-horse was his Lawyer, and the Rest were his Clients.

77. At a Cause tried at the King's Bench Bar, a Witness was produced who had a very red Nose; and one of the Counsel, a good impudent Fellow, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper-nose? Why, Sir, said he, by the Oath I have taken I would not exchange my Copper-nose for your Brazen-face.

78. A very ignorant, but very foppish young Fellow, going into a Bookseller's Shop with a Relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his Cousin look into a particular Book, and smile, ask'd him, What there was in that Book that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this Book is dedicated to you, Cousin *Jack*: Is it so? said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an Honour done to me: Upon which, taking it into his Hands, he found it to be *Perkin's* Catechism, dedicated to all ignorant Persons.

79. Count *Gondemar*, the *Spanish* Ambassador here, in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, sent a Compliment to the Lord St. *Alban's*, whom he lived in no good Terms with, wishing him a merry *Easter*. My Lord thank'd the Messenger,

ger, and said, he could not requite the Count better than by wishing him a good Pass-over.

80. A Citizen dying greatly in Debt, it coming to his Creditors Ears, Farewel, said one, there is so much of mine gone with him: And he carried so much of mine, said another: One hearing them make their several Complaints, said, Well, I see now, that tho' a Man can carry nothing of his own out of the World, yet he may carry a great deal of other Mens.

81. An ingenious young Gentleman, at the University of *Oxford*, being appointed to preach before the Vice-chancellor, and the Heads of the Colleges, at *St. Mary's*, and having formerly observed the Drowsiness of the Vice-chancellor, took this Place of Scripture for his Text: What! cannot you watch one Hour? At every Division he concluded with his Text; which by Reason of the Vice-chancellor sitting so near the Pulpit, often awak'd him: This was so noted among the Wits, that it was the Talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-chancellor, that he complain'd to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who, willing to redress him, sent for this Scholar up to *London*, to defend himself against the Crime laid to his Charge; where coming, he gave so many Proofs of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King *James*. After some Excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the Pulpit, begins, *James* the

First, and the Sixth, Waver not; meaning the first King of *England*, and the sixth of *Scotland*; at first the King was somewhat amazed at the Text, but in the End was so well pleased with his Sermon, that he made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary: After this Advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to *Oxford* to make his Recantation to the Vice-chancellor, and to take Leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter Part of the Verse of the former Text, Sleep on now and take your Rest: Concluding his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-chancellor, saying, Whereas I said before, which gave Offence, What! cannot you watch one Hour, I say now, Sleep on and take your Rest; and so left the University.

82. A Physician was wont to say, when he met a Friend, I am glad to see you well. In Troth, Sir, said one, I think you do but dissemble, for the World always goes ill with you when it goes well with your Friends.

83. Mr *Prior*, when Embassador, being at one of the *French Opera's* at *Paris*, and seated in a Box with a Nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in *France*, sung louder than the Performer, burst into bitter Invectives against the last, upon which his Lordship gave over to enquire the Reason, adding, that the Person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest Voices they had. Yes, replies his Excellency, but he makes such a horrid Noise, that I can't have the Pleasure to hear your Lordship.

84. A

84. A Living of 500*l. per Annum*, falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor T—
b—t, Sir R ——— W'—— recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approved of. In the Interim, the Curate, who had served the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30*l. per Annum*, came up with a Petition, signed by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add 10*l. a Year*, he should for ever pray. His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promised to use his utmost Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman, for whom the Living was designed, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60*l. a Year* instead of 30*l.* The Parson, in some Confusion, replied, He was sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promised the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word. How? says my Lord, have you promised the Curacy before you were possessed of the Living? Well, to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please, I'll give him the Curacy, but the Living, I assure you, I'll give to another: And saying this he left him. The

next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, that he used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having disposed of it before. The Curate, with a deep Sigh, return'd his Lordship Thanks for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said, with a Smile, Well, my Friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy; but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service. The Curate, almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude, return'd his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a Moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition, to a comfortable State of Life.

85. Dr. *M*—*d* coming out of *Tom's* Coffee-house, an impudent broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and accosted him with a Request to lend him five Guineas: Sir, said the Doctor, I am surprized that you should apply to me for such a Favour, who do not know you! Oh, dear Sir, replied the Apothecary, it is for that very Reason; for those who do won't lend me a Farthing.

86. A certain great Lord having, by his Extravagancies, run himself over Head and Ears in Debt, and seeming very little concerned about it, one of his Friends told him one Day, That he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his Bed, whilst he was so much in Debt.

Debt. For my Part, said my Lord, I sleep very well; but I wonder how my Creditors can.

87. A proud Parson, and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, and having a new Coat on, the Parson ask'd him, in a haughty Tone, who gave him the Coat. The same, said the Shepherd, that cloathed you, the *Parish*. The Parson nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little Way, and then bade his Man go back, and ask the Shepherd if he'd come and live with him for he wanted a Fool. The Man going accordingly to the Shepherd, delivered his Master's Message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his Master wanted a Fool. Why are you going away then, said the Shepherd. No, answered the other. Then you may tell your Master, reply'd the Shepherd, his Living can't maintain Three of us.

88. It was a fine Saying of my Lord *Russel*, who was beheaded in the Reign of King *Charles II.* when on the Scaffold, he delivered his Watch to Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, afterwards Bishop of *Salisbury*; Here, Sir, said he, take this, it shews Time: I am going into Eternity, and shall have no longer any need of it.

89. The late Sir *Robert Henley*, who was commonly pretty much in Debt, walking one Day with two or three other Gentlemen in the Park, was accosted by a Tradesman, who took him aside for a Minute or two, and when the Baronet rejoined his Company, he
seemed

seemed to be in a great Passion, which his Friends taking Notice of, asked him what was the Matter? Why the Rascal, said he, has been dunning me for Money I have owed him these seven Years, with as much Impudence as if it was a Debt of Yesterday.

90. The late Sir *John Task* was a famous Wine Merchant, and sold great Quantities of that Liquor; but was supposed to make it chiefly without much of the Juice of the Grape; therefore Alderman *Parsons* meeting him one Day, saluted him by the Name of Brother Brewer. I deal in Wine, said Sir *John*, Mr. Alderman, and am no Brewer. Yes, by G—d, replied the other, but I know you are, and can brew more by an Inch of Candle, than I can with a Chaldron of Coals.

91. A Gentleman in *Ireland* being asked to breakfast at a Friend's House, he excused himself, because he never drank Tea; and pray, says Somebody, what do you usually take for Breakfast, Vegetables, says he, generally; a Beef-steak or Mutton-chop

92. Miss ———, whose Character has been made a little free with, being at some public Place, tript and fell upon her Back; but recovering herself immediately, some of the Company observing with what Agility she sprung up, and how little Confusion she was in; to which a Gentleman only answered, 'tis Practice makes Perfectness.

93. Lord *Ross* of *Ireland*, sold a Gentleman a Horse

a Horſe for a good round Sum, which he took upon his Lordſhip's Word, that he had no Fault. About three Weeks after, he meets my Lord; why, your Lordſhip told me, ſays he, that your Horſe had no Fault, and he is blind of one Eye; well Sir, ſays my Lord, that's no Fault, 'tis only his Misfortune.

94. A common Liar, who, to the Improvement of his Faculty, had been a Traveller, was telling very ſtrange Stories of the remarkable Things which he had met with while he was abroad: Among the Reſt, he ſaid there were Cannon ſo large in *Egypt*, that, being in a Calaſh once, drawn by four Horſes, and a ſudden Shower of Rain falling, he drove into one of them for Shelter, Calaſh and all. Oh! ſays a Gentleman who was liſtning to him, I can vouch the Truth of that myſelf; for I remember I was at the very ſame Time at the other End of it in a Poſt-chaife; and upon your coming in at the Mouth, I drove out at the Touch-hole.

95. A Quaker came before two Judges at an Affize in *Ireland*, as a Witneſs, when he made frequent Uſe of the Word alſo and likewise: Prithee Man, cried one of their Lordſhips, why do you vary theſe Words ſo often, have not they both the ſame Signification? No truly, ſaid the Quaker, their Meaning is very different: As for Example, Serjeant *Bettſworth* is a Judge upon this Bench, thou art one *alſo*, but not *likewiſe*.

96. A

96. A Gentleman very much fuddled, was returning Home with some Friends, when he stayed behind to make Water; and for that Purpose took his Stand directly under a Spout, from which the Rain, a Shower of which had lately fallen, poured plenteously: This was the Occasion of a pleasant Mistake in the poor Bacchanal; for lugging out and hearing the Water still running, he imagined it to be from his own Channel; so that when his Friends, who thought he staid longer than was necessary for such an Occasion, came back to see what was become of him, they heard him, as they drew near, uttering this submissive Apotrophe: O great and merciful God, if it is your blessed Will that I should piss myself to Death, why, be it so.

97. Two Sailors being in Company together, were relating the most remarkable Accidents that happened in their Voyages. One swore, they found it so excessive hot going to *Guiney*, that they used no Fire to boil their Kettle, but dressed all their Meat above Deck in the Sun-shine; and could bake, boil, fry, or stew, as well as at a large Fire.

98. One *Hog* was to be tried before Judge *Bacon*, who told him he was his Kinsman; says he, no *Hog* can be *Bacon* till it is hang'd, and then I'll allow you to be my Kinsman.

99. A self-conceited Author, having published a Collection of Poems of his own composing, presented one Book to a Friend. Some
Time

Time after he came to ask his Friend how he liked his Performance.—Why, Sir, says he, if I must speak my Mind, I do not like it at all; for it is printed upon such confounded hard Paper, that it rubs my Backside like a Nutmeg-grater.

100. A young Man, the Son of a rich Miser, who also was a great Miser himself, went to advise with a Friend about a Wife, telling him, that if he married any, it must be one who was both rich and frugal: Nay, says the other, then my Advice is, that you marry your Father, for he is the fittest for your Purpose of any that I know.

101. A Countryman standing to look at the curious Wax-work in *Fleet-street*, was asked by a Lady who observed him, how he should like one of them Ladies for a Bed-fellow? Wounds, answered he, for all she looks so woundy fine and now she is drest, when she comes to pluck off her Paint and her Patches, and her fine Cloaths to come to Bed, she perhaps may look as ugly as you do forsooth. This Reply so dash'd the Lady, that she went away, blushing at her own Imperfections.

102. Dr. *South*, visiting a Gentleman one Morning, was asked to stay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman stept into the next Room and told his Wife, and desired she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand Words; till at Length, her
Husband

Husband provoked at her Behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors Upon which the Doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, I beg, Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.

103. A certain Vicar, whom his Parishioners had denied his Allowance, resolved, if it were possible, to give them a Rub: Reading one Morning in that Place of the Psalms, where it is mentioned, that, Men being in Honour without Understanding may be compared to the Beasts that perish. He read, Man being without Understanding, may be compared to the Beasts of this Parish.

104. A Country Curate, who had much insisted in an Afternoon Sermon, that Reason was given to Man, for a Bridle to curb and restrain his Passions; happening the same Evening to take so large a Dose at a Christening, that he was obliged to be carried Home; the next Morning one of his Parishioners asked, what he had done with his Bridle over Night? He replied, I just took it off to drink

105. An *Irish* Man being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dressing some Flounders, observed some of them move, after they were gutted, and put into the Pan; which much surprising Teague, said he, of all the Christian Creatures I ever saw, these same Flounders will live the longest, after they are dead.

106. A Gentleman in Company, once took an Opportunity to discourse upon the Fertility of his Country, and told the Gentlemen, that the Turnips in that Place were so much bigger than the Sheep, that they frequently eat into them, and buried themselves there from the Cold. That I know to be true, says a Gentleman present, for I was once at Dinner upon a boil'd Leg of Mutton and Turnips in your very Parish; and from the very first Turnip I cut, out jump'd a Sheep.

107. An arch Boy belonging to one of the Ships of War at *Portsmouth*, had purchased of his Play-fellows a Mag-pye, which he carried to his Father's House, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, *T—T—Tom*, says the Gentleman, can your Mag t—t—talk yet? Ay, Sir, says the Boy, better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.

108. A noble Duke asked a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? Really, said he, I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking of your Lordship.

109. In the Reign of King *Henry VIII.* a facetious spendthrift Nobleman, having lately sold a whole Manor, consisting of near an hundred Tenements, came strutting to Court in a new rich Suit, saying, Am not I a mighty

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ty Man, to bear an hundred Houses upon my Back? Which Cardinal *Wolfey* hearing, said, you had much better have paid your Debts. What you say is very right, replied the Nobleman, for I owe your Father * Three Halfpence for a Sheep's Head: Come, write me a Receipt, and here's Two-pence for it.

110. As a Boy was leading a Calf with both Hands, a Nobleman happened to pass by upon the Highway; the Boy, it seems, minded the Calf more than the Lord, and went drudging on, without moving his Hat. Why, Sirrah, says the Nobleman, have you no more Manners than to stand staring me in the Face, with your Hat on? Alas, says the Boy, I'll put off my Hat with all my Heart, if your Lordship will but 'light, and hold my Calf in the mean Time.

111. *Tom Brown* told a Parson, that he was like a blind Man, holding a Lanthorn to light others, but could receive no Light from it himself: Why so, said the Doctor? Because, answered he, you preach of Charity, Chastity, and Temperance, and practise Usury, Fornication and Gluttony.

112. A young Lady asked a Gentleman, who was a Lawyer, what was the most surprising Curiosity in all Sir *Hans Sloane's* Collection? He answered, a Virgin at fifteen Years of Age. Indeed Sir, replied the Lady, you are mistaken, for I have been told by several

* His Father was a Butcher at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*.

veral, that, in his whole Collection, there is nothing so curious as an honest Lawyer.

113. A Woman, whose Husband was ill, went to Dr. *Radcliff* with some of his Urine in a Urinal, to desire him to prescribe for him. The Doctor took the Urinal out of the Woman's Hand, and, after emptying it, made Water in it himself. He then asked what Trade her Husband was? She answered, a Shoe-maker: Why then, said the Doctor, do you take this Water of mine to him, and if he can fit me with a Pair of Boots, by looking at it, then will I prescribe for him by looking at his Water.

114. A young Chaplain, who had neither a good Voice nor Skill in Singing, yet thought every one admired him; often observed an old Woman to fall a crying when the Psalm was singing; for which, one Day, he asked her before some of the chiefest of the House, What moved her to weep so often when the Psalm was singing? Alas! Sir, said she, when I lived in the Country with my Husband, we had the Misfortune to lose a She-ass, which was very profitable to us, and your Voice doth so much resemble her's, that every Time I hear you sing, I cannot forbear weeping when I think of the poor Creature.

115. Mr. *Pope* having been lighted Home by a Link-boy, offered to give him somewhat less than he expected; upon which he demanded more; *Pope* protested that he had no

more Half-pence left; repeating a Term familiar to him, when a little vexed, God mend me! The Boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be over-heard, God mend me, God mend me, quotha? five hundred such as I might be made before one such a crooked Son of a Bitch as you could be mended!—*Pope*, on this, called him back, and gave him Half-a-crown as a Reward for his Wit.

116. There was a poor young Woman who had brought herself e'en to Death's Door with Grief for her sick Husband, but the good Man her Father did all he could to comfort her. Come, Child, said he, we are all mortal. Pluck up a good Heart, my Child; for let the worst come to the worst, I have a better Husband in Store for thee. Alas! Sir, says she, what d'ye talk of another Husband for? Why, you had as good have stuck a Dagger to my Heart. No, no; if ever I think of another Husband, may ———! Without any more ado, the Man dies, and the Woman, immediately, breaks out in such Transports of tearing her Hair, and beating her Breast, that every Body thought she'd have run stark-mad upon it. But, upon second Thoughts, she wipes her Eyes, lifts them up, and cries; Heaven's Will be done! and turning to her Father, Pray, Sir, says she, about t'other Husband you were speaking of, is he here in the House?

117. A Man being asked by his Neighbour
how

how his sick Wife did, made this Answer: Indeed, Neighbour, the Case is pitiful, my Wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not die, which makes a most disconsolate House.

118. A Country Fellow coming to *Black-wall*, and seeing the Ships, asked one that stood by, what they were? who told him they were Ships. So pointing to one of them, Pray, said he, how old is that? They told him two Years old: How, says the Fellow, and so big already! Lord, what a huge, massy Thing it will be, by that Time it is as old as I am!

119. Two Scholars passing by a Wind-mill, stood for some Time viewing it; the Miller looking out of a little Wicket, seeing them, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at? Why, we are looking at this Thing, pray what is it? Why, says the Miller, don't you see? Where are your Eyes? It is a Wind-mill. We crave your Mercy, Sir, says the Scholars, we took it for a Jail, seeing a Thief look out of the Window.

120. A Lawyer's Clerk was in Love with an extreme pretty Girl, courted her, and agreed to marry her. The Wedding Entertainment was provided, and amongst others, the Clerk's Master was invited. In the Heat of dancing, a Sigh, caused by Indigestion, or windy Food, escaped the Bride the contrary Way, and loud enough to be heard by all the

the Company, who burst into Laughter : She blushed, and the Bridegroom was so confounded and enraged, that he instantly broke off the Match, to which no Remonstrances nor Intreaties could reconcile him : He imagined his Acquaintance would jeer him for ever upon this Accident, and he left the House in a Pet. Great was now the Disorder of the Guests ! the Clerk's Master, who was one of them, and though a Man in Years had eyed the Girl with great Attention, and was smitten with her Beauty, not only condemned the Clerk's excessive Delicacy, but proposed to repair the Injury he had done the Girl, and offered her Marriage on the Spot. Piqued at her Lover's Desertion, and pressed by her Friends, who foresaw the Advantage of such a Match, she consented, and they were married immediately. After Marriage, she behaved to him with so much Modesty and Discretion, that dying soon after, he left her Mistress of a very opulent Fortune. Being now a Widow, handsome, young and rich, she had many Offers of Marriage, but accepted only the *Marssal de L'Hospital*, Governor of *Paris* ; who also dying soon after, left her once more a Widow, though with greater Additions of Honour than of Fortune. Her Person and Character were now so amiable, that *Casimir*, King of *Poland*, residing in *France* after his Abdication of the Throne, fell in Love with her, and married her. So great a Fortune perhaps never took its Rise from so burlesque an Incident.

121. A Templar went at *Christmasts* into *Yorkshire*, and took some other Templars along with him, and upon one of the Holy-days he would have them to an Ale-house hard by, where the Woman was deaf; so coming thither, O, my young Master, says she, I have not seen you these seven Years: Then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, here's to thee. and to all the Whores, Rogues, and Bawds in *England*: She seeing his Lips go, but could not hear him, said, Come, Sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your Father and Mother, and those good Gentlewomen your Sisters.

122. A Gentleman was saying one Day at the *Tilt-yard* Coffee-house, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in Mind of the general Deluge. Zoons, Sir, said an old Campaigner, who stood by, who is that? I have heard of all the Generals in *Europe* but him.

123. Two Embassadors sent by the Commonwealth of *Venice* to *Frederick II.* Emperor of *Germany*, seeing themselves slighted by him, because they had no Beard, by Reason of their Youth, said to him, with a noble Boldness, If our Commonwealth had thought your Majesty valued the Beard more than the Prudence of Persons, she would have sent you Goats with Beards as long as you could desire.

124. A Person having a Horse, very hardy,
and

and but very little Stomach, he thought by Degrees he might make him live without Hay or Oats; so substracted daily something from his Meat, 'till at last the Horse died: Going to carry him to the Crows, his Neighbours asked how he came to die? Why, I thought, answered he, to make him live on nothing, and just as I brought him to it, he died.

125. A smart Fellow, thinking to shew his Wit one Night at the Tavern, called to the Drawer, Here, *Mercury*, said he, take away this Bottle full of Emptiness. Said one of the Company, Do you speak that, *Jack*, of your own Head?

126. A Chandler having had some Candles stole, a Friend of his bid him be of good Cheer; for in a short Time, says he, I am confident they'll all come to Light.

127. A Person whose Name was *Noble*, was boasting in public Company, that he was worth Ten Thousand Pounds, and that he had two Brothers as rich as himself.—That's very false, replied one in the Company, for by your own Confession*, you and your two Brothers put together, make but Twenty Shillings.

128. Two Women were chatting together; says one, My Daughter has not laid her Eyes together this four Nights: You Fool, says t'other, how should she? Does not her Nose lie between?

128 A

* A Noble is 6 s. 8 d. and three Times that Sum is 20 Shillings.

129. A Parson and Clerk having a Mind for a Whet before Service began, went to a Tavern, but drinking rather too much, the Pastor, while the Deputy was singing a Psalm, fell asleep in the Pulpit; the Clerk observing it, and willing to excuse him, sung the Psalm twice over: but finding the faithful Shepherd still sleeping, jogged him, and said, Sir, it is out. To which the Parson loudly answered, Why then fill it again, supposing himself still in the Tavern.

130. The Rev. Mr. Brodie preaching one Day in the Kirk in *Edinburgh*, on Hell Torments, represented them to be intolerable, by the extreme Cold they suffered there. And in being at that Time very cold Weather, one of his Congregation, after Sermon, took upon him to ask him the Reason of his so doing, when all the eminent Divines had preached it up to be the Reverse. O Sir, said he, I had good Reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to Hell to warm themselves.

131. As two Gentlemen were standing together, a young Lady passed by them, when one of them said, There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw. She hearing him, turned back, and observing him to be very ugly, answered, I wish, Sir, I could in Return, say as much of you. So you may, Madam, says he, and tell a damned Lie as I did.

132. A Man who travelled the Country,
and

and got his Bread by flying upon a Rope off the Tops of Steeples, &c. applied once to a learned Bishop for Leave to fly from the Top of the Cathedral, and engaged some People of Weight to speak in his Favour; to whom his Lordship replied: 'Tis inconsistent with my Duty, and the Nature of my Function, to permit any Man to fly from the Church; but your Friend may fly to it if he will.

133. A certain great Man having a good Living vacant, by the Death of a former Incumbent, was solicited by many neighbouring Clergymen of great Learning, for the next Presentation, all whom he refused, because they could not inform him who was *Melchisedec's* Father; which a young Fellow of a College in *Oxford* hearing, he came to the great Man, and asked it for himself; Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was *Melchisedec's* Father, you may stand a good Chance. That I'll do instantly, replied the young Gentleman, and who was his Mother too. And, putting his Hand in one Pocket, pulls out a Purse of Guineas, saying, There is his Father, my Lord; then turning his Hand to another Pocket, took another Purse, and this, my Lord, is his Mother. Well, answered his Lordship, this is something to the Purpose, I confess; let me only count the Syllables of their Names, and if they are right, you shall have the Living.

134. *Ben Johnson* owing a Vintner some Money, refrained his House; the Vintner meeting him by Chance, asked him for his Money;

Money; and also told him if he would come to his House, and answer him four Questions, he would forgive him the Debt. *Ben Johnson* gladly agreed, and went at the Time appointed, called for a Bottle of Claret, and drank to the Vintner, praising the Wine at a great Rate: Says the Vintner, This is not our Business, Mr. *Johnson*; answer me my four Questions, or else you must pay me my Money, or go to Jail, in short, (and he had got two Bailiffs waiting at the Door to arrest him.) Pray, says *Ben*, propose your four Questions: Then, says the Vintner, you must tell me, First, What pleases God? Secondly, What pleases the Devil? Thirdly, What best pleases the World; And, Lastly, What best pleases me: Well, says *Ben*,

*God is best pleas'd when Man forsakes his Sin;
The Devil's best pleas'd when Men persist therein:
The World's best pleas'd when you do draw good Wine;
And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine.*

The Vintner was well pleased, and gave Mr. *Johnson* a Receipt in full for the Debt, and his Bottle of Claret into the Bargain.

135. A certain Clergyman in the *West* of *England*, being at the Point of Death, a neighbouring Brother, who had some Interest with his Patron, applied to him for the next Presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the Breach of Friendship, and said, he wanted his Death. No, no, Doctor, says the other, you quite mistake, it was your Living I wanted.

136. A

136. A Person in Company railing against a Gentleman lately deceased, one of them, to vindicate him, said, He thought him not so very bad as he had been presented; adding, To my Knowledge, Sir, he was very Charitable; and Charity, you know, covers a Multitude of Sins. Faith, Sir, so it ought, said the first, for he had a Multitude to cover.

137. Two riding from *Shipton* to *Burford*, and seeing a Miller riding softly before them on his Sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each Side, saying, Miller, come tell us which art thou, more Knave or Fool? Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

138. A Lieutenant-colonel in one of the *Irish* Regiments, in the French Service, being dispatch'd by the Duke of *Berwick*, from Fort *Kehl*, to the King of *France*, with a Complaint, relating to some Irregularities that had happened in the Regiment; his Majesty with some Emotion of Mind, told him, That the *Irish* Troops gave him more Uneasiness than all his Forces besides. Sir, says the Officer, all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint.

139. *Alonso Cartilio* being informed by his Steward, that his Income would not hold Way with his Expence: The Bishop asked him, whence it chiefly arose? The Steward told him, from the Multitude of his Servants. The Bishop bid him make a List of such as were
neces-

necessary, and such as might be spared; which he did; and the Bishop taking Occasion to read it before most of his Servants, said to his Steward, Well, let these remain, because I have Need of them; and these also, because they have Need of me.

140. Some pleasant Raillery once passing in the Court of Requests at *Westminster*, between the late Lord *Orford*, and the late Alderman *Parsons*, the Earl, among other Things, said, Prithee, Mr. Alderman, let me come and take a Bit of Mutton with you; I hear you keep a good Table, where the Devil stands your House? Oh! Sir, replied the Alderman, very nigh *Tower-hill*, where Thousands, as well as myself, will be heartily glad to see you.

141. Counsellor *Cr* — *le* being obliged to ask Pardon of the House of Commons upon his Knees; when he got up, brushed his Knees, saying, I never was in so dirty a House in my Life.

142. A Driver chanced to overturn his Cart far from any Assistance, and was forced to stand by till he could find Some-body coming that Way to help him; at length a Parson came, and thinking to put a Joke on the poor Carter, said, How now, Carter, what! I see you have kill'd the Devil: Yes, i'faith, Master, quoth he, and I have waited two Hours for a Parson to bury him, and now you are come very seasonably.

143. *Killigrew*, the famous Jester to King
E *Charles*

Charles II. having been at *Paris* about some Business, went from thence to *Versailles*, to see the *French King's* Court; and being known there to several of the Courtiers who had been at the *English* Court, one of them took Occasion to tell the *French King*, that *Killigrew* was one of the wittiest Men in *England*: Upon which, the *French King* desired to see him, which he did: But *Killigrew*, it seems, being out of Humour, or at least seemingly so, spoke but very little; and that little he did speak, was so little to the Purpose, that the *French King* told the Nobleman that had commended him for such a Wit, that he looked upon him as a very dull Fellow; but the Nobleman assured the King, that (whatever he thought of him) *Killigrew* was a very witty and ingenious Man: Whereupon the King was resolved to make a further Trial of him, and took him into a great Gallery, where there was Abundance of fine Pictures; and, amongst the Rest, shewed him the Picture of Christ upon the Cross, and asked him if he knew who that was? But *Killigrew* made himself very ignorant, and answered, No: Why, said the King, I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the Picture of our Saviour on the Cross, and that on the Right Side is the Pope's, and that on the Left is my own: Whereupon *Killigrew* replied, I humbly thank your Majesty for the Information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two Thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.

144. A dignified Clergyman, going down to his Living to spend the Summer, met near his House a comical old Chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So *John*, says the Doctor, from whence come you? From your House, Sir, says Mr. *Soot*; for this Morning I swept all your Chimnies. How many were there? says the Doctor. No less than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a Chimney have you? Only a Shilling a-piece, Sir. Why then, quoth the Doctor, you have earned a great deal of Money in a little Time. Yes, yes, Sir, says *John*, throwing his Bag of Soot over his Shoulder, we Black-coats get our Money easy enough.

145. Judge *Jefferies*, taking a Dislike to an Evidence who had a long Beard, told him, that if his Conscience was as large as his Beard, he had a swinging one. To which the Countryman replied, My Lord, if you measure Conscience by Beards, you have none at all.

146. Mr. *Ogle* being at *Locket's* Ordinary, where he was playing at Hazard with a great many Lords, he had very good Luck at Gaming among them; therefore he ordered a Porter to go up and down the Streets, and bring to him as many poor People as he could get; who in a little Time brought in upwards of an hundred Beggars: Whereupon *Ogle* ordered them a Shilling a-piece, in Meat and Drink. By that Time they had made an End of their Allowance, Mr. *Ogle* had broke all the Persons of Quality, discharging the Mumpers

Reckoning, and giving them Six-pence a-piece besides. As he was going into *Spring Gardens*, he met the Duke of *Monmouth*, who asked *Ogle* where he had been? Been! quoth he, why I have been fulfilling the Scripture. Quoth the Duke, I believe you know nothing of the Matter. No Matter for that, said *Ogle*, but I have filled the Hungry with good Things, and the Rich I have sent empty away.

147. One said a covetous Man was never satisfied: Why so, said his Friend. Because, replied he, he thinks Nothing enough: Why then, said the other, he is satisfied with the least, if Nothing be enough for him.

148. Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, upon Bills exhibited to discover where Lands lay, upon Proof, that they had a certain Quantity of Land, but could not set it forth, used to say, And, if you can't find your Land in the Country, how would you have us find it in Chancery.

149. A Trial for Lands being pleaded before a Chancellor, the Counsel on both Sides set forth their Lamentations in Questions by the Plat; and one Counsel pleaded, my Lord, we lie on this Side; and the other said, my Lord, we lie on this Side: Nay, says the Chancellor, if you lie on both Sides, I'll believe neither of you.

150. A Country Attorney appearing in a Cause at the Assizes, some Years ago, in very dirty Linen, before a Judge not remarkable for his Integrity; Mr. Justice took Occasion
to

to reprimand him for such a Contempt of the Court: to which the Attorney very briskly replied, That although his Shirt was dirty, his Hands were clean.

151. When the Troopers kept Guard in St. Paul's Church, a Countryman heard that Troop was upon the Guard which quartered in their Town; so he went in, and found the Man that quartered at his House: O, Landlord, says the Trooper, how d'ye? Thank you heartily, says the Countryman, and I am glad to see this blessed Reformation in *London*; for in our Town we can't get the People to Church, and here the very Horses come to Church.

152. A Grazier sent his Son to the University, and he studied Poetry; his Father checked him for it; Well, since you are a Poet, tell me why so handsome a Woman as *Venus* married such an ugly Fellow as *Vulcan*? I wonder at it too, Father; and yet I wonder as much why my Mother married you.

153. A Country Fellow being to be catechised (who was an Apprentice) the Parson ask'd him, What's your Name? *John*, says the Fellow. Who gave you that Name? says the Parson. My Godfathers and Godmothers, &c. says the Fellow. Well said, says the Parson; and what did your Godfathers and Godmothers then for you? Says *John*, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my Time.

154. One having stole a Watch, the Constable was sent after him ; at last, being taken by others for a suspicious Person, as they were examining of him, the Watch was took in his Pocket. A Pox of this Luck, says he, to escape the Constable, and to be found out by the Watch.

155. A drunken Fellow was brought before a Justice, and what Question soever he ask'd him, he still said, Your Worship's wife ; then he committed him till the next Morning, then sent for him again, and told him of his idle Talk the Night before. Why, what did I say ? Why, whatsoever I said to you, says the Justice, you still said, Your Worship's wife ; that I thought thou wer't mad. Truly, says he, if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.

156. A Gentleman meeting the Duke of *Rhoun's* Jester, asked what was his Name ? Why none of your Name, says he. I know that, replied the Gentleman ; but what is your Name ? Says the Jester, my Name is my Father's Name. And what is his Name, says the Gentleman ? It is the same Name as mine is. Then what are both your Names ? Why, says the Jester, they are both the same.

157. The late Earl of *Rocheſter*, who lived in the Reign of King *Charles II.* happening one Day to wait upon the King, when there were present the Duke of *York*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Duke of *Lauderdale*, and Dr. *Frazer* ; who, though the greatest Dunce in the whole College, had yet the Honour to be
one

one of the King's Physicians. His Majesty being then in a merry Humour, upon the Earl's coming in, says to him, *Rochester*, I am told you are very good at making Verses *extempore*; is it so? The Earl replied, An't please your Majesty, I have made Verses *extempore* many Times. Prithee, let us have some of them now, said the King. On what Subject would your Majesty have them? said the Earl. At which the King looking about him, answered, on us that are here. I beg your Majesty's Pardon, replied *Rochester*, I dare not do it. Dare not do it! said the King, Why so? For Fear I should offend your Majesty, replied *Rochester*. No, no, you shan't offend me, said the King, say what you will, and therefore I command you to do it. Nay, if your Majesty commands me, says *Rochester*, you must be obliged, and thereupon the Earl begun thus:

*Here's Monmouth the Witty,
And Lauderdale the Pretty,
And Frazer that learned Physician;
And above all the Rest
Here's the Duke for a Jest,
And the King for a great Politician.*

O my Conscience, says the King, he has satyrized us all: No Wonder, indeed, that you begg'd my Pardon beforehand, for you were resolv'd to stand in Need of it.

158. At another Time the King and some of his Lords were at *Crambo*, and the Word they were to rhyme to was *Lisbon*; they were all at a Stand, and none could do't. At last, says

says the King, we want my Lord *Rocheſter* now. Says one of the Lords, I ſaw him but a little While ago go into my Lord Chamberlain's: Upon which, one of the Gentlemen of the Privy-chamber then in waiting, was ſent to tell him the King would ſpeak with him, and the Gentlemen finding my Lord there, he brought him along with him. When he came into the Preſence, ſays the King, *Rocheſter*, we have been at *Crambo*, and none of us can make a Rhime to *Lisbon*. No, ſaid the Earl, that's ſtrange! an't pleaſe your Maſteſty. Why, can you do't? ſays the King. Yes, Sir, ſays the Earl, in a Stanza, if your Maſteſty will grant me your Pardon. You're thinking of ſome Miſchief now, ſays the King; and then ſmil- ing upon my Lord *Rocheſter*, well, ſays he, I grant you my Pardon. Upon which, *Rocheſter*, taking a Glaſs of Wine in his Hand, ſaid, *Here's a Health to Kate,*

Our Sovereign's Mate,
Of the Royal Houſe of Lisbon;
But the Devil take Hyde,
And the Biſhop beſide,
That made her Bone his Bone.

At which the King biting his Lips, and frown- ing at *Rocheſter*, bid him begone.

159. One Mr. *Hide* had three Sons, and having no Eſtate to ſettle upon the youngelt, told him, he muſt needs bind him Apprentice, and bid him make Choice of ſome Trade: The Youth being of a ſmart and ingenious Tem- per, told him he would be a Tanner. Piſh,

ſays

says his Father, that's a nasty Trade. Yes, says he, but the most convenient Trade for me of any; you have but little to give me, and three Hides will set me up. What Hides are those, says the Father? Sir, says he, yours, and my two elder Brothers.

160. A Quaker, that was a Barber, being sued by the Parson for Tythes; *Yea* and *Nay* went to him, and demanded the Reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never any Dealings with him in his whole Life: Why, says the Parson, it is for Tythes; says the Quaker, I pr'thee, Friend, upon what Account? Why, says the Parson, for preaching in the Church. Alas! then, replied the Quaker, I have nothing to do with paying thee; for I come not there. Oh! but you might, says the Parson, for the Doors are always open at convenient Times; and thereupon told him he would be paid, seeing it was his Due. *Yea* and *Nay* hereupon shak'd his Ears, and making several wry Faces, departed, and immediately entered his Action (it being a Corporation Town) against the Parson for forty Shillings. The Parson, upon Notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such a Disgrace upon him? and for what did he owe him the Money? Truly, Friend, replied the Quaker, for Trimming. For Trimming, said the Parson; Why I was never trimm'd by you in my Life; Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimm'd if thou hadst been pleased, for my
Doors

Doors are always open at convenient Times as well as thine.

161. A Man and his Wife were striving who should wear the Breeches; in the mean Time one knock'd at the Door; the good Man steps out to see who was there, and ask'd the Party who he would speak withal; who answered, with the Master of the House: Stay, Friend, says he, but a little While, and I shall resolve you, for as yet the Case is doubtful. So stepping in, his Wife and he went to it again, who at last yields him the Victory. Then he goes to the Door. Now, Friend, said he, thou mayst speak with me, I am the Master of the House, but I could not tell thee so before, till my Wife and I had decided the Controversy.

162. 'Tis reported of one of the Chaplains to the famous *Montrose*, that being condemn'd in *Scottland* to die, for attending his Master in some of his glorious Exploits; and being upon the Ladder, and ordered to set out a Psalm, expecting a Reprieve, he named the 119th Psalm (with which the Officers attending the Execution complied, the *Scots Presbyterians* being great Psalm Singers) and 'twas well for him he did so; for they had sung it three Parts through before the Reprieve came; any other Psalm would have hang'd him.

163. A Person of Quality coming into a Church to the Place where several of his Ancestors were buried, after he had said much
in

in their Commendation, and praised them for worthy Men; Well, said he, I am resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.

164. Some Gentlemen being at a Tavern together, for want of better Diversion, one proposed Play; but said another of the Company, I have fourteen good Reasons against Gaming: What are those? said another: In the first Place, said he, I have no Money. Oh! said the first, if you had four hundred Reasons you need not name another.

165. An extravagant young Gentleman, to whom the Title of Lord, and a good Estate, was just fallen, being a little harrassed with Duns, bid his Steward tell them, That while he was a private Gentleman he had Leisure to run in Debt, but being advanced to a higher Rank, he was too busy to pay them.

166. A Painter turned Physician; upon which Change a Friend applauded him, saying, You have done well, for before your Faults were discovered by the naked Eye, but now they are hid.

167. Two City Ladies meeting at a Visit, one a Grocer's Wife, and the other a Cheesemonger's (who perhaps stood more upon the Punctilio of Precedence, than some of their Betters would have done at the Court End of the Town) when they had risen up and took their Leaves: The Cheesemonger's Wife was going out of the Room first, upon which the

the Grocer's Lady, pulling her back by the Tail of her Gown, and stepping before her, No, Madam, said she, nothing comes after Cheese.

168. A Countryman driving an Ass by St. James's Gate one Day, which being dull and resty, he was forced to beat it very much; a Gentleman coming out of the Gate, chid the Fellow for using his Beast so cruelly: Oh dear, Sir, said the Countryman, I am glad to find my Ass has a Friend at Court.

169. One told another, who used to be clothed very often, that his new Coat was too short for him. That's true, answered the other, but it will be long enough before I get another.

170. Queen Elizabeth having taken Notice of the Duke de Villa Medina's gallant Behaviour at a Tournament; told him one Day, that she would absolutely know who his Mistress was: Villa Medina excused himself a while, but at last yielding to her Curiosity, he promised to send her her Picture. The next Morning he sent her Majesty a Packet, wherein finding nothing but a small Looking-glass, presently understood the Spaniard's Meaning.

171. A humorous Knight, named Sir Sampson, thinking to recommend himself to a fine Lady, in the Way of Marriage, said, in the Conclusion of his Compliments, Oh! Madam, we Sampsons were strong Dogs from the

the Beginning. Take Care, Sir *Sampson*, replied the young Lady, remember, the strongest of your Name pulled an old House over his Head.

172. A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master, a grave Man, came to expostulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so: Prithee where is the Wonder? said the other; if she had got me with Child you might wonder indeed.

173. A Person having two very ungracious Sons, the one robbed him of his Money, and the other of his Goods; his Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, that he might sue the County, for he had been robbed between Son and Son.

174. Old *Johnson* the Player, who was not only a very good Actor, but a good Judge of Painting, and remarkable for making many dry Jokes; was one Day shewn a Picture, done by a very indifferent Hand, but much commended, and asked his Opinion of: Why, truly, said he, the Painter is a very good Painter, and observes the Lord's Commandments; What do you mean by that, Mr. *Johnson*, said one that stood by? Why I think, answered he, that he hath not made to himself the Likeness of any Thing that is in Heaven above, or in the Earth beneath, or in the Water under the Earth.

175. An extravagant young Fellow, rallying
F ing

ing a frugal Country 'Squire, who had a good Estate, and spent but little of it, said among other Things, I'll warrant you that Plate-button'd Suit was your Great Grand-father's? Yes, says the other, and I have my Great Grand-father's Lands too.

176. An old Lady meeting a *Cambridge* Man, asked him how her Nephew behaved himself: Truly, Madam, said he, he is a brave Fellow, and sticks close to *Catharine * Hall*; I vow, said she, I fear'd as much, he was always hankering after the Wenches from a Boy.

177. King *Charles II.* being in Company with the Lord *Rocheſter*, and some other Noblemen, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night; *Killigrew* coming in, Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults. No, faith, said *Killigrew*, I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.

178. A Butcher in *Smithfield*, that laid on his Death Bed, said to his Wife, my Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I advise you to marry our Man *John*, he is a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business: Oh! dear Husband, said she, if that is all, never let it trouble you, for *John* and I have agreed on that Matter already.

179. Lord *Faulkland*, the Author of the Play called *the Marriage Night*, was chose very young to sit in Parliament, and when he was
first

* The Name of a College in that University.

first elected, some of the Members opposed his Admission, urging, that he had not sown all his wild Oats. Then, replied he, it will be the best Way to sow them in the House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up.

180. A pragmatical young Fellow, sitting at Table, over-against the learned *John Scot*; asked him what Difference there was between *Scot* and *Sot*? Just the Breadth of the Table, answered the other.

181. An old Man, who had married a young Wife, complaining to a Friend how unhappy he had always been: When I was young, said he, I went abroad for want of a Wife; and now I am old, my Wife goes abroad for Want of a Husband.

182. A Person having been put to great Shifts, to get Money to support his Credit; some of his Creditors at length sent him Word, that they would give him Trouble. Pox, said he, I have had Trouble enough to borrow the Money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.

183. An Alderman of a certain Body corporate, not remarkable for the greatest Extent of Knowledge, being present at a public Entertainment, where the *Mediterranean* happen'd to be the chief Topic of Conversation, address'd himself very gravely to the Company: Pray, Gentlemen is the Mediterranean a Corporation Town like ours?

184. Mr. *Wycherly*, the comic Poet, at the Point of Death, married a young Lady of Merit, to be reveng'd on his next Heir, and when the Ceremony was performed, he earnestly begged her not to deny him one Request, the last he should make. Upon her Assurance of consenting to it, he told her : My Dear, it is only this ; that you will never marry an old Man again.

185. The late Dr. *B-r-y*, was one Evening very smart upon Mr. *H-ll*, who had been in great Distress : *H-ll* took no Notice of him at first, but suffer'd him to run on till he chang'd the Subject. Among other Things, the Doctor mentioned his having been out of Town for a Week : Aye, says Mr *H-ll*, that was published in all the *Saturday's* Papers. In what Form, says the Doctor ? Why, decreas'd in the Burials this Week one hundred and forty-four.

186. When the Earl of *Stair* was last Embassador in *Holland*, he was invited to an Entertainment by the *Abbe de Ville*, the *French* Resident, along with the *Austrian* Embassador : The *Abbe* propos'd a Health, to the Rising Sun, his Master ; alluding to a Motto of *Lewis XIV.* which was pledged by the whole Company. The *Austrian* next, in Compliment to his Mistress, the Empress Queen, toasted, the Moon and fixed Stars ; which was greatly applauded. It then came to the Earl's Turn, and his Lordship, with great Presence
of

of Mind, drank his Master, by the Name of *Joshua* the Son of *Nun*, who made the Sun and the Moon to stand still.

187. Lord *C*—*d* chanc'd one Day to be at the *D*— of *N*—*le*'s Levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a Book dedicated to the *D*— of *N*—*le*, happened to lie in the Window. Before his Grace made his Appearance, his Lordship had Time enough to amuse himself with the Book; and when the Duke entered, he found him reading in it. Well, my Lord, said his Grace, what is your Opinion of that Book? In any other Place I should think not much of it, replied his Lordship; but being in your Grace's Levee, I think it one of the best Books in the World.

188. One Morning while Alderman *Barber* was in Bed, he was visited by Mr Deputy *B*—*d*, who without any Ceremony bolted into his Chamber, being told that he was ill of the Gout. The Deputy, after the usual Compliments, sat down and enter'd into Conversation; but observing the Curtains to be close drawn, and the Alderman to be more reserv'd than usual, he began to suspect something more than ordinary to be the Matter, and casting his Eyes round the Room, he espy'd a Woman's Shoe just under the Bed: Well, Mr. Alderman, said he, I hope you are not dangerously ill.—I am miserably tormented in my Feet, replied the Alderman; I don't wonder at that, said the Deputy, when you wear such narrow-toed Shoes, reaching
F 3 the

the Lady's Shoe at the same Time. The Alderman, who could not help smiling at the Discovery, laid aside his forc'd Reserve, and said, if that's the Case Mr. Deputy, I'll get another Pair.

189. *Sir Richard Steele* having one Day invited a great Number of Persons of the first Quality, they were surpriz'd at the Number of Liveries which surrounded the Table; and after Dinner, when the Wine and Mirth had set them free from the Observation of strict Ceremony, one of them enquired of *Sir Richard*, How such an expensive Train of Domesticks could be consistent with his Fortune. *Sir Richard* very frankly confess'd that they were Fellows, of whom he would be very willingly rid; and being then asked why he did not discharge them, declared, that they were Bailiffs, who had introduc'd themselves with an Execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with Liveries, that they might do him Credit while they staid. His Friends were diverted with the Expedient, and by paying the Debt discharg'd their Attendance; having oblig'd *Sir Richard* to promise that they should never again find him grac'd with a Retinue of the same Kind.

190. Soon after the Battle of *Oudenard*, the Dutches of *M——b* made a Tour to *Flanders*. Her Grace landed at *Dunkirk*, where she lay all Night; and in the Morning, tho' she had given a great deal of Trouble in the Inn,

Inn, she went away, and forgot the usual Present to the Chambermaid. The Girl thought of an Expedient to make herself amends, and purchased a Number of Phials, then filling them, carefully cork'd and seal'd them: This done, she caused it to be rumoured Abroad, that she had a Quantity of the Dutchess of *M——b's* Eye-water, which her Grace, at her Departure, put into her Hands to sell. It was in Reality the Dutchess of *M——b's* Water that filled the Bottles, and the Humour succeeded to the Girl's Wish: The Eye-water was bought for the Novelty by Rich and Poor, and the Cures it performed were so wonderful, that the Fame of its Virtues reach'd the Dutchess at the *English* Camp. Her Grace recollected her Omission, and was not a little nettled at the Wench's Stratagem, but could not then help it. In her Return Home, however, she lay again at the same Inn, and as the Wench was putting her to Bed at Night ——Child, said she, I hear you have a famous Eye-water to sell; I have a Mind to be a Purchaser. The Girl, quite confounded, faintly said, it was all disposed of. What Quantity might you have of it? said the Dutchess. Only a few Dozens, replied the Girl. Well, said the Dutchess, prepare your Bottles, and you may now have a larger Quantity of the Genuine Sort. The Girl was miserably perplex'd, and could not tell what to say; but fell into Tears, and dropping upon her Knees, confess'd her Indiscretion, and humbly

bly implored her Grace's Forgiveness, promising never to offend again in the like Manner: Nay, but indeed Child, said her Grace, you must make some up for me, for I have heard an excellent Character of its sovereign Virtues. Being assured her Grace was in Earnest, the Girl replied, she should be obey'd. In the Morning she order'd her young Doctress in her own Presence to bottle every Drop of it, to cork it up safely, and seal it, as she had done the former; by which she discovered that the Girl had actually procured her Grace's Arms to her new Nostrum, a Circumstance she had not before dreamt of. Well, my Dear, said the Dutchess, I find you're a Mistress of your Trade, you make no Scruple to counterfeit a Seal. Madam, said the Girl, you dropt the Seal in the Room, and that put me in the Head of it. And what might you gain, said her Grace, by your last Supply? Fifty Livres, replied the Girl. Very well, said the Dutchess, please to restore the Seal, and there is double that Sum for you; putting five Louis d'Ors in her Hand; adding, with a stern Look, and a severe Tone of Voice——Beware of Counterfeits, Hussey.

191. Sir C—— M——, a Scotch Baronet, and Member of Parliament for one of the Royal Boroughs of that Kingdom, came one Morning, according to Custom, to Sir Robert's Levee, and, without the least Ceremony, laid hold of his Ribbon. Sir Robert could not easily disengage himself, and the Baronet

Baronet lugg'd him to the Window, in which, fousing himself down, he happened to have an Escape, which carried with it so loud a Report, that it threw the whole Company into Laughter.—Very well, Sir C——, said the Minister, pray what have you farther to say? Why, this it is, Sir *Robert*, I owe fifteen hundred Pounds, and by G—d, if you don't give it me, I'll e'en go To-morrow to the House, and vote according to my Conscience.

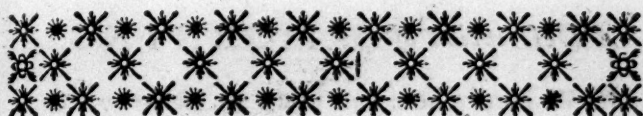
192. Dr. *Andrews*, Bishop of *Winchester*, and Dr. *Neal*, Bishop of *Durham*, dining with King *James I.* his Majesty said to the Bishops, My Lords, cannot I take my Subjects Money, when I want it, without all this Formality of Parliament? Upon which the Bishop of *Durham* readily answered, God forbid, Sir, but you should, you are the Breath of Nostrils. On which, the King turning to the Bishop of *Winchester*, said—Well, my Lord, what say you? —Sir, replied the Bishop, I have no Skill to judge of Parliament Cases. The King answered — No put offs, my Lord, answer me pertinently. Then, Sir, added he, I think it's lawful for you to take my Brother *Neal's* Money, for he offers it.

193. Some Years ago, a Son of G—— the *Jew*, was on the Point of being married to a Christian: The Father had no Objection to the *Religion* of the Lady, but to the Smallness of her Fortune; the Son peremptorily told him, he would marry the Lady, and if he was refus'd a proper Share of Wealth, he would

would turn *Christian*, and then he should be intitled by Law to Half of his Possessions. At this Answer *G—n* was greatly confounded, and resolved to apply to Counsel, to know whether there was any such Law—the Counsellor replied that there was, and that his Son upon turning *Christian* would obtain half his Fortune; but if you'll make me a Present of ten Guineas, added he, I'll put you in a Way to disappoint him, and the graceless Dog shall not be able to obtain a Farthing. At this *G—n*'s Hopes revived, and pulling ten Guineas out of his Pocket, instantly clapp'd them into the Lawyer's Hand, expressing his Impatience to know how he was to proceed; when the Counsellor returned with a Smile, — You have nothing to do Mr. *G—n*, but to turn *Christian* yourself.

194. Sir *John T—v—r*, who for some Misdemeanor had been expelled from Parliament, one Day meeting with Archbishop *T—t—f—n* cried—I hate to see an Atheist in the Shape of a Churchman.— And I, replied the good Bishop, hate to see a Knave in any Shape.





P O E T R Y.

POEMS EPISTLES, FABLES, &c.

The H A P P Y M A N.

HIGH on the Lands that bound the *Kentish* Shore,
 On whose rough Strand alternate Tempests rore;
Damon, a Country Swain, contented lives,
 Blest in the homely Joys which rural Pleasure gives.
 Surrounding Trees adorn his lonely Seat,
 And wholesome Herbs gives Relish to his Meat:
 One little Garden does his House adorn,
 And his two Acres furnish out his Corn;
 Two comely Cows one Field of Pasture feeds,
 That daily yield the Milk their Master needs:
 There lives the happy Swain a peaceful Life,
 Free from all worldly Cares but that of Wife.
 Hence, with an unshock'd Mind, he casts his Eye,
 To greet the Morning Beauties of the Sky;
 And sees some tall returning Vessel sail,
 Wing'd with the Breezes of an easy Gale.
 Whose jovial Crew, judging their Dangers o'er,
 With noisy Shouts salute their native Shore.
 Each thinks how he shall best his Gains employ,
 And antedates bright Scenes of promis'd Joy;
 'Till unexpected Storms the Plank surprize,
 The Bottom burst, and ev'ry Sailor dies:
 Then shakes his Head with Pity at their Fate,
 And hugs himself in his more happy State.

A De-

A Description of the MORNING.

NOW hardly here and there an Hackney Coach
 Appearing, shew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach ;
 Now *Betty* from her Master's Bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own ;
 The slip-shod 'Prentice from his Master's Door
 Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the Floor ;
 Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dexterous Airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
 The Youth, with broomy Stumps, began to trace
 The Kennel Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place,
 The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
 'Till drown'd by shriller Notes of Chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his Lordship's Door began to meet,
 And Brick-dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half the Street.
 The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
 Duly let out at Nights to steal for Fees :
 The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands,
 And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

On a LADY at CHURCH.

SO fair a Form with such Devotion join'd !
 A Virgin Body, and a spotless Mind !
 Pleas'd with her Pray'rs, while Heav'n propitious sees
 The lovely Vot'refs on her bended Knees ;
 Sure it must think some Angel lost its Way,
 And happ'ning on our wretched Earth to stray ;
 Tir'd with our Follies, fain would take its Flight,
 And begs to be restor'd to those blest Realms of Light.

GALLSTONE HOUSE.

'TIS so old and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
 You're sometimes in Pleasure, though often
 in Pain in't ; 'Tis

'Tis so large you may lodge a Friend or two with Ease
 in't; (you please in't.
 You may turn and may stretch at your Length if
 'Tis so little the Family live in a Press in't,
 And poor Lady *Betty* has scarce Room to dress in't,
 'Tis so cold in the Winter you can't bear to lie in't,
 And so hot in the Summer you're ready to fry in't.
 'Tis so brittle 'twould scarce bear the Weight of a Ton,
 Yet so staunch that it keeps out a great Deal of Sun.
 'Tis so crazy the Weather with Ease beats quite thro' it,
 And you're forc'd ev'ry Year in some Part to renew it.
 'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big and so little,
 'Tis so staunch and so crazy, so strong and so brittle;
 'Tis at one Time so hot, and another so cold,
 'Tis Part of the new and Part of the old:
 It is just half a Blessing, and just half a Curse,
 I wish then, dear *George*, it were better or worse.

BRITISH OECONOMY.

IN merry *Old England* it once was a Rule,
 The King had his Poet and also his Fool;
 But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
 Poor *Cibber* must serve both for Fool and for Poet.

The INVITATION.

FREEMAN, I treat to Night, and treat your Friends,
 If happily from Care your Thought unbends;
 If *Lucy* rules not with her jealous Sway,
 I shall expect you at the Close of Day.

I give you the rough wholesome Grape that grows
 In *Tuscan* Vales, or where the *Tagus* flows;
 Or if the *Gallic* Vine delight you more,
 Of Hermitage I boast a slender Store:
 This is my Wealth; if you have better Wine,
 Make me your Guest, if not, I claim you mine.

G

Already

Already is my little Side-board graced,
 The Glasses marshall'd, the Decanters placed;
 The Room is cool, the Summer-hearth is gay
 With Greens and Flowers, th' Exub'rance of *May*.
 Indulge the Bliss this chearful Season brings,
 Omit minuter Hopes, and joyless Things:
 Let Fame and Riches wait: This happy Morn
 With *Brunswic*, Peace, and Liberty, were born!
 'Tis fit, my Friend, we consecrate to Mirth
 The Day, which gave th' illustrious Monarch Birth:
 When the Sun sets we'll break into Delight,
 And give to gay Festivity the Night.

Of what Avail is Fortune unenjoy'd?
 Or what is Life in anxious Hours employ'd?
 Let the dull Miser pine with niggard Care,
 And brood o'er Gold devoted to his Heir;
 While we in honest Mirth send Time away,
 Regardless what severer Sages say:
 In cheerful Minds unbidden Joys arise,
 And well-tim'd Levities become the Wise.

What Virtue does not generous Wine impart?
 It gives a winning Frankness to the Heart;
 With sprightly Hope the drooping Spirits arms,
 Awakens Love, and brightens Beauty's Charms;
 High florid Thoughts th' inspiring Juices breed,
 Spleen they dispel, and clear the Brow of Need.
 Expect superfluous Splendor from the Great,
 Ragouts and costly Follies serv'd in Plate,
 And Ortelans from distant Regions brought,
 In foreign Arts of Luxury untaught.
 I give you only Lamb from *Uxbridge* Fields,
 And add the choicest Herb the Garden yields,
Silesian Lettice, with soft *Lucca* Oil,
 Delicious Blessings of a diff'rent Soil.

None do our Band of Fellowship compose,
 But know the Chastetys of the Banquet Rose;

Belmour

Belmour is ours, *Loveless* with Humour stor'd,
And careless *Florio*, if he keeps his Word.
I should exceed your Rule were more allow'd;
"There's less of Mirth than Tumult in a Crowd."

Remember Time posts on with subtle Haste,
Now, as I write, the number'd Minutes waste.
Then, *Freeman*, let us seize the present Hour,
And husband the swift Moments in our Pow'r;
Good-humour bring along, and banish Care,
You know your Friends, you know your Bill of Fare.

*The Commons PETITION to King CHARLES
the Second.*

I N all Humility we crave
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His Sceptre, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

The KING's ANSWER.

CHARLES, at this Time, having no Need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

On the KING's STATUE oddly placed.

THE King of Great Britain was reckon'd before,
The Head of the Church, by all good Christian
People;
His Subjects of *Bloomsb'ry* have added one more
To his Titles, and made him the Head of the Steeple.

*The PETITION of Justice B—N's HORSE to
the Duke of Newcastle.*

QUITE worn to the Stumps, in a piteous Condition,
I present to your Grace this my humble Petition:

Full twenty-eight Stone as all the World sees,
 (To me it seems more) my plump Master weighs.
 A Load for a Team this, yet I all alone
 To *Claremont* must draw him, for Help I have none ;
 O'er *Essex*'s hot Sands, in a dry Summer's Day,
 How I sweat and I chafe, and I pant all the Way ;
 But when I return, and the Draught is increas'd,
 By what he has cramm'd,—a Stone at the least,
 No single Horse can be, in Conscience, thought able
 To draw both the Justice and eke half your Table.
 This my Case, gracious Duke, to your tender Compassion
 I submit, and O! take it in Consideration.
 To drive with a Pair put the 'Squire in the Way,
 Your Petitioner then, bound in Duty, will neigh.

On Mr. BUTLER's MONUMENT, in Westminster Abbey.

WHILST *Butler*, needy Wretch! was yet alive,
 No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give :
 See him, when starv'd to Death, and turn'd to Dust,
 Presented with a Monumental Bust!
 The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown,
 He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

*A Description of LONDON, in Imitation of
 Scarron's Description of PARIS.*

I.

HOUSES Churches, mix'd together,
 Streets unpleasant in all Weather ;
 Prisons, Palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a Bridge, the Thames irriguous.

II.

Gawdy Things enough to tempt ye,
 Showy Out-sides, In-sides empty ;
 Bubbles, Trades, Mechanic Arts,
 Coaches, Wheel-barrows and Carts.

War-

III.

Warrants, Bailiffs, Bills unpaid,
 Lords of Laundresses afraid;
 Rogues that nightly rob and shoot Men,
 Hangmen, Aldermen, and Footmen.

IV.

Lawyers, Poets, Priests, Physicians,
 Noble, simple, all Conditions;
 Worth beneath a Thread-bare Cover,
 Villany—bedaub'd all over.

V.

Women, black, red, fair and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
 Some that will not, some that will.

VI.

Many a Beau without a Shilling,
 Many a Widow not unwilling,
 Many a Bargain if you strike it,
 This is *London*, how d'ye like it.

Dean SWIFT'S CURATE.

I MARCH'D three Miles through scorching Sand,
 With Zeal in Heart, and Notes in Hand;
 I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
 Using four Legs when two were weary.
 To three fair Virgins I did tye Men,
 In the close Bands of pleasing *Hymen*;
 I dipt two Babes in holy Water,
 And purify'd their Mothers after.
 Within an Hour and eke an Half,
 I preach'd three Congregations deaf,
 Which thund'ring out with Lungs long-winded,
 I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
 My Emblem, the laborious Sun,
 Saw all these mighty Labours done,
 Before one Race of his was run;

All this perform'd by *Robert Hewit*,
What Mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

To —————

THE great, good Man, whom Fortune will displace,
May into Scarceness fall, but not Disgrace;
His sacred Person none will dare profane,
He may be poor, but never can be mean:
He holds his Value with the Wise and Good,
And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd Temples holy Awe dispense,
They lose their Height, but keep their Reverence:
The pious Crowd, the Piles, tho' fall'n, deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

To Mr. ———, *Schoolmaster*.

THO' teaching thy peculiar Bus'ness be,
Learn this one Lesson, Schoolmaster, of me;
Where good Sense fails the best Description's vile,
And a rough Verse the noblest Thoughts will spoil.
Think it not Genius to know how to scan,
Nor great to shew a Monster for a Man:
Wound not the Ear with ill-tun'd Prose in Rhyme,
Nor mistake furious Fustian for sublime:
Believe this Truth, and thy vain tumbling quit,
What is not Reason never can be Wit.
From the Boy's Hand take *Horace* into thine,
And thy rude Satyrs by his Rules refine.
See thy gross Faults in *Boileau's* faithful Glass,
And get the Sense to know thyself an Ass.

On *Echard's and Bishop Burnett's HISTORIES*.

GILL's History appears to me
Political Anatomy,

A Case

A Case of Skeletons well done,
 And Malefactors every one.
 His sharp and strong Incision Pen
 Historically cuts up Men,
 And does, with lucid Skill, impart
 Their inward Ails of Head and Heart.
Laurence proceeds another Way,
 And well dress'd Figures does display;
 His Characters are all in Flesh,
 Their Hands are fair, their Faces fresh,
 And from his sweet'ning Art derive
 A better Scent than when alive;
 He Wax-work made to please the Sons,
 Whose Fathers were *Gill's* Skeletons.

A RECIPE for COURTSHIP.

TWO or three Dears, and two or three Sweets,
 Two, or three Balls, and two or three Treats,
 Two or three Serenades, given as a Lure,
 Two or three Oaths how much they endure;
 Two or three Messages sent in one Day,
 Two or three Times led out from the Play,
 Two or three soft Speeches made by the Way;
 Two or three Tickets for two or three Times,
 Two or three Love Letters writ all in Rhymes;
 Two or three Months keeping strict to these Rules,
 Can never fail making a Couple of Fools.

The ROSE.

FAIR Rose! to thee all other Flow'rs must yield,
 That paint the Garden or adorn the Field;
 Whether with ruddy Blaze you give Delight,
 Or else diffus'd in milder Beams of White,
 Or Party-colour'd Dress, you charm the Sight!
 How beautiful in all you still appear?
 Pride of the Summer! Glory of the Year!

Can

Can you, sweet Flow'r, a baleful Influence shed?
 And Rage, and Discord, through the Nation spread?
 No sure! from you our Mischief never flows,
 Not from the Red or White, but the black Rose.

A CURE for LOVE.

THE one End of a Rope fasten over a Beam,
 And make a slip Noose at the other Extream,
 Then just underneath let a Cricket be set,
 On which let the Lover most manfully get;
 Then over his Head let the Snecket be got,
 And under one Ear be well settled the Knot:
 The Cricket kickt down, let him take a fair Swing,
 And leave all the Rest of the Work to the String.

From a Country PARSON to a Country 'SQUIRE.

In Imitation of *Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. v.*

IF you can sit on an old Three-legg'd Chair,
 Sup on a Sallad, and such paltry Fare,
 As a poor hatter'd Parson can afford,
 Descend this Night to grace my homely Board.
 But where's the Wine my Guest to entertain?
 No generous Burgundy, no brisk Champagne;
 My Port all out,—how then shall we regale?
 Faith you must e'en take up with muddy Ale.
 You have terse Claret.—I'm asham'd to ask,
 But—pr'y thee—be so good—to send a Flask.
Joan (if she don't get drunk before you come)
 Will scour my Pewter, and sweep out my Room:
 A While the Drudgery of dull Books give o'er,
 On *Dalton's* Country Justice cease to pore;
 Leave Warrants to your Clerk, let me prevail
 To save a poaching Rogue one Night from Goal.
 No Business on To-morrow can be done,
 To-morrow's *Sunday*, you may snore till Noon.

Let

Let then the sparkling Glas like *Harvey* bright,
 And Chat diverting stretch this Summer Night.
 'Tis not worth While to hoard my little Pelf;
 I'll spend it on my Friends,—and on myself.
 He who like *Gripus* pines amidst his Store,
 Scrapes for a booby Heir, or Spend-thrift Whore,
 Is touch'd with Madnefs of a raging Kind,
 The most consuming Canker of the Mind.
 I long to quaff the lazy Hours away,
 Nor value, while I'm tipling, what Folks say;
 Jocund with Liquor, friendly we impart,
 The pleasing Secrets of an open Heart;
 Enlivening Hope now feeds the famish'd Eye,
 And represents the yielding Charmer nigh;
 Wine makes a sneaking, run-away Pretender
 As stout, as is our warlike Faith-defender.
 A jovial Bumper drowns' oppressive Care,
 And bids the meagre Curate not despair.
 Prompts empty Y——e to prate, yet never think,
 Ev'n *Horace* can be witty—when in Drink.
 I, in torn Cassock, and a Thread-bare Gown,
 If tipsy, huff a Dun, look big and frown.
 My Wife, if not in a damn'd dogged Mood,
 Will find us Napkins tolerably good;
 No greasy Cloth, offensive to the Sight,
 Shall make you snuff your Nose, and bid Good-night.
 My Jugs shall all be wash'd, my Glasses clean,
 And nothing dirty,—but myself be seen;
 No Pen-scon'd Prouling shall damp our Mirth,
 I hate 'em of all Scoundrels upon Earth:
 Avaunt such Pimps! when we are met together,
 You'll find none here but Birds of the same Feather.
 My honest Neighbour, *Manly*, I'll invite,
 And to 'Squire *Briton* I design to write;
 I wou'd Sir *Arthur*,—but he daily sips
 Delicious Nectar on cœlestial Lips.

Here's

Here's Room enough for you and for your Friend,
My Guests are few,—and found you may depend;
If Louts on Justice—Business crowd your Hall,
Whip out at the Back-door, and bite 'em all.

*Occasioned by Dean SWIFT's Complaint of
being Deaf and Giddy.*

SO fine an Ear! so clear a Sight!
A Taste! each Touch so exquisite!
No Mortal has so few Pretences
Thus to bewail a Lack of Senses.
O *Swift*! leave *Colley* thy Remains
Of Sense, this Pittance of thy Brains:
Thy very Dotage, thy Decays
Of Wit, would make a modern *Bays*;
And thus (for once) the Laureat prays:
“ Grant me, when giddy *Swift* is dead,
“ Grant me, ye Gods, his Turn of Head.”

The HAPPY PAIR.

WHO says, My Lord and Lady disagree?
A Pair more like in all Things cannot be:
My Lord indeed will damn the Marriage Chain,
My Lady wishes it were loos'd again.
Ever with Rakes, my Lord is ne'er at Home,
Ever engag'd, my Lady likes his Room:
He swears his Boy is not his real Son,
My Lady thinks it is not all his own.
He'll have a sep'rate Bed, 'tis her Desire,
Sheets warm'd, Bed made, the smiling Pair retire;
The Cause, tho' hidden, yet the same they want,
He sends for Miss, and she for her Gallant.
If Union then makes blest the Marriage Life,
The same the Husband, and the same the Wife;
If in two Breasts one Mind gives Joys sincere,
What two more happy than this Courtly Pair?

A De-

A Description of the MORNING.

NOW bright *Aurora*, with her genial Light,
 Dissolves the sable Horror of the Night;
 And with the Blaze of her returning Ray,
 Gladdens all Nature with the Birth of Day:
 And now with Joy the weary Traveller spies
 The purple Glory of the *Eastern Skies*;
 Observes the Tincture which her Ray distils,
 Gilding the Summit of the distant Hills;
 Views o'er the Meadows, and the painted Fields,
 Which now a most delightful Prospect yields;
 Where the sweet Lilly, and the blushing Rose
 Puts forth new Odour, and new Charms disclose:
 Encourag'd thus, his Journey he pursues;
 Nor mindful of the Past, his Toil renews
 With equal Joy; the Warbler of the Groves
 Hail her glad Sight, and each the Song improves:
 The tow'ring Lark, expanded on her Wings,
 Warbles aloft, while the gay Linnet sings
 On the green Bough, or near the murmur'ing Flood,
 Join'd with the Songsters of the echoing Wood:
 Each thrills his Joy melodious through his Throat,
 While neighbouring Vallies echo back the Note.
 And now the Hunters to the Woods repair,
 To chace with Hound and Horn the tim'rous Hare:
 The jolly Huntsman tunes his chearful Horn,
 And, with his Cries, each greets the blushing Morn.
 E'en so the Cock, that Messenger of Day,
 Perch'd on the Dunghill's Top, salutes her Ray;
 And, with a Voice resounding through the Air,
 Awakes the Peasant to his daily Care,
 Who strait appears with gay and healthful Mein,
 And fill'd his Scrip, he whistles o'er the Green;
 Yokes to the lazy Plough his gentle Steeds,
 But Joy of Day the Dread of Toil exceeds.
 So when the World in dark'ned Chaos lay,
 All Nature gladden'd at the Flash of Day.

A De-

Here's Room enough for you and for your Friend,
My Guests are few,—and sound you may depend;
If Louts on Justice—Business crowd your Hall,
Whip out at the Back-door, and bite 'em all.

*Occasioned by Dean SWIFT's Complaint of
being Deaf and Giddy.*

SO fine an Ear! so clear a Sight!
A Taste! each Touch so exquisite!
No Mortal has so few Pretences
Thus to bewail a Lack of Senses.
O *Swift*! leave *Colley* thy Remains
Of Sense, this Pittance of thy Brains:
Thy very Dotage, thy Decays
Of Wit, would make a modern *Bays*;
And thus (for once) the Laureat prays:
“ Grant me, when giddy *Swift* is dead,
“ Grant me, ye Gods, his Turn of Head.”

The HAPPY PAIR.

WHO says, My Lord and Lady disagree?
A Pair more like in all Things cannot be:
My Lord indeed will damn the Marriage Chain,
My Lady wishes it were loos'd again.
Ever with Rakes, my Lord is ne'er at Home,
Ever engag'd, my Lady likes his Room:
He swears his Boy is not his real Son,
My Lady thinks it is not all his own.
He'll have a sep'rate Bed, 'tis her Desire,
Sheets warm'd, Bed made, the smiling Pair retire;
The Cause, tho' hidden, yet the same they want,
He sends for Miss, and she for her Gallant.
If Union then makes blest the Marriage Life,
The same the Husband, and the same the Wife;
If in two Breasts one Mind gives Joys sincere,
What two more happy than this Courtly Pair?

A De-

A Description of the MORNING.

NOW bright *Aurora*, with her genial Light,
 Dissolves the fable Horror of the Night;
 And with the Blaze of her returning Ray,
 Gladdens all Nature with the Birth of Day:
 And now with Joy the weary Traveller spies
 The purple Glory of the *Eastern Skies*;
 Observes the Tincture which her Ray distils,
 Gilding the Summit of the distant Hills;
 Views o'er the Meadows, and the painted Fields,
 Which now a most delightful Prospect yields;
 Where the sweet Lilly, and the blushing Rose
 Puts forth new Odour, and new Charms disclose:
 Encourag'd thus, his Journey he pursues;
 Nor mindful of the Past, his Toil renews
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 So when the World in dark'ned Chaos lay,
 All Nature gladden'd at the Flash of Day.

A De-

A Description of the EVENING.

SEE *Phœbus* downward shoots his Saffron Beams,
 And slow descending, sinks into the Streams;
 But leaves behind, e'er yet his Glory dies,
 His glowing Honours streak'd along the Skies:
 The weary Pilgrim travelling on his Way,
 Mourns the Decrease of Light and setting Day;
 Observes, with longing Eyes, the *Western* Air,
 Where blushing Clouds decaying Light declare.
 Thus sadly mourn the warbling feather'd Brood,
 Dispers'd about the loudly echoing Wood.
 Whilst each of the departing Day complains,
 And mourns his Loss in elegiac Strains;
 Thus mournfully they seek their mossy Nest,
 There silent sit, and sink to quiet Rest.
 Whilst through the Air the fanning Zephyrs breeze,
 And gently rustle through the waving Trees.
 Now limpid Streams in plaintive Murmurs run,
 And seem in Groans to wail the absent Sun.
 Now weary'd, see the Home-returning Swains
 Lag lazily along the dewy Plains;
 And, with his clanking Harness, slowly lead,
 Fatigu'd with daily Toil, the reeking Steed,
 Where litter'd Stall receives the drowsy Guest,
 Who gladly enters to retire for Rest.
 And now the Flow'rs all droop their painted Heads,
 And fading, sink upon their dewy Beds;
 There with'ring lie, expecting the Return
 Of quick'ning Light, and the reviving Morn;
 And Nature, veil'd in Darkness, melts away
 In Tears of Dew, for Grief of fleeting Day.
 Thus all from Light retir'd their Sorrow tell,
 But you, sweet Darkness, loving *Philomel*;
 Who, to alleviate the Loss we bear,
 Chant out your Strains, and charm the list'ning Ear;

An hallow'd Silence all thy Notes attends,
 And ev'ry Ear a fixt Attention lends.
 Each loud contending Element's at Peace,
 And all the noisy ruder Tumults cease;
 Such Joy to ravish'd Ears thy Music brings,
 Thus all is hush'd when *Philomela* sings.

On a Lady's drinking the Bath WATERS.

THE gushing Streams impetuous flow
 In Haste to *Delia's* Lips to go;
 With equal Haste, and equal Heat,
 Who would not rush those Lips to meet?
 Blest'd envy'd Streams, still greater Bliss
 Attends your warm and liquid Kifs:
 For from her Lips your welcome Tide
 Shall down her heaving Bosom glide;
 There fill each swelling Globe of Love,
 And touch that Heart I ne'er could move.
 From thence in soft Meanders stray,
 And find at last the blissful Way
 Which Thought may paint, tho' Verse mayn't say.
 Too happy Rival, dwell not there
 To rack my Heart with jealous Care;
 But quit the blest Abode, though loath,
 And, quickly passing, ease us both.

Written on a WINDOW.

W Here'er the Diamond's busy Point could pass,
 See! what deep Wounds have pierc'd the mid-
 dle Glafs!

While partially untouching all the Rest,
 Highest and lowest Panes shine un-impres'd:
 No Wonder this!—For e'en in Life 'tis so;
 High Fortunes stand unreach'd,—unseen the low,
 But middle States are Marks for every Blow.

H

BE-

BELINDA at BATH.

WHILE in these Fountains bright *Belinda* laves,
 She adds new Virtues to the healing Waves;
 Thus in *Bethesda's* Pool an Angel stood,
 Bade the soft Waters heal, and blest the Flood:
 But from her Eye such bright Destruction flies,
 In vain they flow! for her the Lover dies.
 No more let *Tagus* boast, whose Beds unfold
 A shining Treasure of all conq'ring Gold!
 No more the *Po!* whose wand'ring Waters stray
 In mazy Errors through the starry Way;
 Henceforth these Springs superior Honours share,
 There *Venus* laves, but my *Belinda* here.

The modern TRAVELLER.

FROM the grand Tour, thro' *Paris, Florence, Rome,*
 The travell'd Youth returns accomplish'd Home;
 Learn'd in each Goût, and vers'd ev'ry Fashion,
 He comes to teach, and to adorn the Nation.
 With smartest Airs he sparkles through the Town,
 And views with Scorn the academic Clown.
 A modern Wit, extremely read in *French,*
 Can sing, and dance, and dress, and swear, and wench.
 Accomplishments like his demand Esteem,
 He knows the World,—ay, and the World knows him.

To —————

CAN you count the Silver Lights
 That deck the Skies, and cheer the Nights?
 Or the Leaves that strow the Vales,
 When Groves are stript by Winter Gales?
 Or the Drops that in the Morn
 Hang with transparent Pearl the Thorn?
 Or Bridegroom's Joys, or Miser's Cares?
 Or Gamester's Oaths, or Hermit's Prayer?

Or

Or Envy's Pangs, or Love's Alarms?
Or *Marlbro's* Acts, or *Molly's* Charms?

To the Author of the FARMER'S LETTERS,
written in 1745.

OH thou, whose artless free-born Genius charms,
Whose rustic Zeal each Patriot Bosom warms!
Pursue the glorious Task, the pleasing Toil,
For sake the Fields, and till a nobler Soil;
Extend the Farmer's Care to human Kind,
Manure the Heart, and cultivate the Mind;
There plant Religion, Reason, Freedom, Truth,
And sow the Seeds of Virtue in our Youth:
Let no rank Weeds corrupt, or Brambles choak,
And shake the Vermin from the *British* Oak;
From *Northern* Blasts protect the vernal Bloom,
And guard our Pastures from the Wolves of *Rome*.
On *Britain's* Liberty engraft thy Name,
And reap the Harvest of immortal Fame.

QUILEA, an old COUNTRY-HOUSE.

LET me thy Properties explain,
A rotten Cabin, dropping Rain;
Chimnies with Scorn rejecting Smoak,
Stools, Tables, Chairs, and Bed-steads broke.
Here Elements have lost their Uses,
Air ripens nought, nought Earth produces;
In vain we make poor *Skeelah* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor Water boil.
Through all the Vallies, Hills, and Plains,
The Goddesses Want in Triumph reign;
And her chief Officers of State,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft around her wait.

SEASONS proper for ANGLING.

THE Months o'er which the nearer Sun displays
His warmer Influence, and directer Rays,

Are most propitious to the Angler's Toil,
 And crown his Labours with the largest Spoil.
 When Birds begin in brisker Notes to sing,
 And hail, with chearful Voice, returning Spring;
 When *Western* Winds in tepid Breezes fly,
 And brush, with downy Wings, the brighten'd Sky.
 When teeming Buds their verd'rous Issue yield,
 And with their tender Offspring grace the Field;
 Then let the Angler, with industrious Care,
 His guileful Arms and Implements prepare,
 Break Winter's Truce, and wage the wat'ry War. }

But when Autumnal Blasts have stripp'd the Wood,
 And o'er the Ground its yellow Honours strew'd;
 When stormy *Boreas* re-assumes his Reign,
 And with malignant Breath deforms the Plain;
 Let him a While his spary Wiles forbear,
 'Till, by the Course of the revolving Year,
 The fairer Order of the Months return,
 And Nature with fresh Bloom her Face adorn.
 Then soon as Morn has chas'd the Shades of Night,
 And streak'd the purple *East* with rosy Light;
 Soon as the Lark displays her early Wings,
 And to the fragrant Air her Matin sings;
 The Angler, chearful with the Hopes of Prey,
 Takes to the reeking Brook his dewy Way.

On HEALTH, by Lord HARVEY.

THO' Life itself's not worth a Thought,
 Yet while I live, could Health be bought,
 Whate'er brib'd Senators receive,
 Or back again in Taxes give;
 Whatever Fraud, or Force obtains,
 What *Prussia* from *Silesia* gains,
 Or *Hanover* from *England* drains;
 Whate'er the *Austrian* Wars have cost,
 Or *Hung'ry's* Queen disburst or lost; }

What

What *Frante* has paid to shake her Crown,
 Or we like Fools to keep it on;
 All that the *Indies* have supply'd
 To beggar'd *Spain*, to feed the Pride
 Of that *Italian* Fury-dame,
 Who keeps all *Europe* in a Flame,
 For her two Brats, those princely Things,
 Whom God made Fools, and she'd make Kings:
 In short, to sum up all, whate'er
 Or Pride, or Av'rice makes it care,
 Did I possess it I'd resign
 To make this richer Treasure mine.

An EPIGRAM.

THE *Jews* (as we in sacred Writ are told)
 To buy a God gave *Aaron* all their Gold;
 But Christians now (Times are so monstrous odd)
 To heap up Gold will even sell their God.

The LORD and his CHAPLAIN.

AS good Mr. *Crape* with my Lord was at Dinner,
 (For *Crape* may be frequently found with a
 Sinner)

Adzooks, Parson, said he, I've a Thought, by my Life,
 I'll break off with my Girl, if you'll take her to Wife;
 For tho' I've a little made Use of my *Nancy*,
 She'll turn when she marries a Parson I fancy.
 She may turn, please your Honour, the Parson reply'd,
 But I'll never turn to your Girl as a Bride:
 For what with your Lordship, at Night and at Morning,
 She's been so much us'd, that she'll not be worth
 turning.

Written in a Gentleman's COKE UPON
 L Y T T L E T O N.

THOU, who lab'rest in this rugged Mine,
 Mayst thou to Gold th' unpolish'd Ore refine!

May each dark Page unfold its haggard Brow!
 Doubt not to reap, if thou canst bear to plow.
 To tempt thy Care, may each revolving Night,
 Purfes and Maces swim before thy Sight!
 From hence, in Times to come, advent'rous Deed!
 Mayst thou essay to look and speak like *Mead*.
 When the black Bag and Rose no more shall shade,
 With martial Air, the Honours of thy Head;
 When the full Wig thy Visage shall enclose,
 And only leave to View thy learned Nose:
 Safe mayst thou defy Beaux, Wits, and Scoffers,
 While Tenants, in Fee simple, stuff thy Coffers.

To TIMON.

TIMON chagrin'd, and sick of Life,
 To mend the Matter, takes a Wife:
 Things still grow worse: To ease his Pain,
 Kind Heaven took his Spouse again.
 Unhappy yet, he keeps a Miss;
 But still no better pleas'd with this.
 Court next, and Camp in vain he tries;
 With like Success o'er *Europe* flies;
 Marries once more; at Length resign'd,
 Finds out—the Evil's in his Mind.

CHARACTERISTICKS.

SUBTIL the *Prussian*; *Dutchmen* wary;
 Tenacious still thy Queen' *Hungary*:
 In *France*, a Man, in *Spain*, a Woman,
 Ambition moves, and Zeal most *Roman*;
Sardinia's King, if he were able,
 Would keep his Faith, and sweep the Table.
 These Characters are plainly written;
 But who shall e'er draw thine, *Great Britain*?
 Bully'd by Foes, by Friends suspected,
 Thy Pay receiv'd, thy Work neglected;

No Quarrels, but thy own, forgiving,
While thine affects no Mortal living.

An EPIGRAM.

KIND *Kitty* kifs'd her Husband with these Words,
Mine own sweet *Will*, how dearly I love thee?
If true, quoth *Will*, the World none such affords:
But that 'tis true, I dare his Warrant be.
For ne'er heard I of Woman, good or ill,
But always dearly lov'd her own sweet *Will*.

By Dean SWIFT.

ON rainy Days alone I dine,
Upon a Chick and Pint of Wine;
On rainy Days I dine alone,
And pick my Chicken to the Bone:
But this my Servant much enrages,
No Scraps remain to save Board Wages.
In Weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a Friend;
But where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my Club, and so good b'y'.

To DAMON.

SAYS *Chloe* to *Damon*, 'tis strange that you Men
Make Use of such palpable Lying,
In saying we're Goddesses, Angels divine,
And that for our Smiles you are dying.
Consider, my *Damon*, how great is the Crime,
And the Punishment threaten'd to Ljars;
Then prithee contrive some more innocent Way
To discover your amorous Fires.
Young *Damon* replies, My dear *Chloe*, reflect,
Don't it argue my Love more sincere;
Since Fondness for you makes me risque being damn'd,
Just only to tickle your Ear.

An EPIGRAM.

ON his Death-bed poor *Simon* lies,
 His Spouse is in Despair;
 With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
 They both express their Care.
 A diff'rent Cause, says Parson *Sly*,
 The same Effect may give;
 Poor *Simon* fears that he shall die,
 His Wife—that he may live.

An EPIGRAM.

INDEED Mr. C——, it seems very odd,
 Whilst your Eyes view his Works, to deny there's
 a God;
 And assert that our Actions he'll neither regard,
 Nor punish our Vice, nor our Virtues reward.
 What, no Vengeance to come? well, if this prove true,
 How happy 'twill be for the Devil and you?

An EPIGRAM.

YOUR formal Apes endeavour all they can,
 With their grave Whims, to be as wise as Man.
Parisian Fops the like affected seem
 To have a Face, and Air, and Tail like them:
 From which our Taste thus only disagrees,
 These mimic Apes, and we but mimic these.

The Parson of ——— his WISH.

WOULD Fortune but on me bestow,
 ('Tis what I've wish'd for long ago)
 A Living that would make me clear,
 About two hundred Pounds a Year;
 My Parish not to Quarrels prone,
 Willing to give me what's my own:

A House

A House convenient, but not great;
 A Garden, though not grand, yet neat;
 A Dove-house, Fish-pond, and a Stable,
 And always Plenty at my Table;
 My Cellar always stock'd with Liquor,
 To treat a neighbouring 'Squire or Vicar;
 In Winter Store of Wood for Fire,
 A Horse to Fox-hunt with the 'Squire.

These Things obtain'd, I nought shou'd want,
 If *Molly* my Request would grant;
 These, with her Charms, in my Possessing,
 Would be on Earth the greatest Blessing.

To a SEAMSTRESS.

OH! what Bosom but must yield,
 When like *Pallas* you advance,
 With a Thimble for your Shield,
 And a Needle for your Lance?
 Fairest of the stitching Train,
 Ease my Passion by your Art;
 And, in Pity to my Pain,
 Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

An EPIGRAM.

IDREAMT that bury'd in my native Clay,
 Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay;
 And, as so mean an Object shock'd my Pride,
 Thus, like a Corpse of Quality, I cry'd,—
 Scoundrel! be gone, and henceforth touch me not;
 More Manners learn, and at a Distance rot.
 How—Scoundrel? with a haughty Tone, cry'd he,
 Proud Lump of Earth! I scorn thy Words and thee.
 For all are equal now—thy Case is mine—
 This is my rotting Place—and that is thine.

An

An EPIGRAM.

LORD *Pam* in the Church (could you think it?)
 kneel'd down,
 But when told the Lieutenant was just come to Town,
 His Station despising, unaw'd by the Place,
 He flies from his God, to attend on his Grace:
 To the Court it was fitter to pay his Devotion,
 Since God had no Hand in his Lordship's Promotion.

An EPIGRAM.

THE grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a Rule,
 That ev'ry Man in Want is Knave or Fool:
 God cannot love (says *Blunt* with tearless Eyes)
 The Wretch he starves, and piously denies:
 But the Good Bishop, with a meeker Air,
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's Care.

ULYSSES' DOG.

WHEN wise *Ulysses* from his native Coast,
 Long kept by Wars, and long by Tempests tost,
 Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone;
 To all his Friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown:
 Chang'd as he was, with Age, and Toils, and Cares,
 Furrow'd his Reverend Face, and white his Hairs;
 In his own Palace forced to ask Bread,
 Scorn'd by those Slaves his former Bounty fed;
 Forgot of all his own domestic Crew,
 The faithful Dog alone his Master knew!
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the Clay,
 Like an old Servant, now cashier'd he lay;
 And tho' e'en then expiring on the Plain,
 Touch'd with Resentment of ungrateful Man,
 And longing to behold his antient Lord again.
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
 'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his Feet;
 Seiz'd

Seiz'd with dumb Joy, then falling by his Side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

C H E S W I C K.

THE potent Lord that this bright Villa plann'd,
Exhibits here a Paradise regain'd ;
Whate'er of Verdure have Hills, Lawns, or Woods,
Whate'er of Splendor, Buildings, Flow'rs, or Floods,
Whate'er of Fruits the Trees, of Birds the Air,
A blisful Union is collected here :
All with such Harmony dispos'd, as shews,
That in the Midst the Tree of Knowledge grows.

An E P I G R A M.

TIS from high Life high Characters are drawn,
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn ;
A Judge is just, a Chancellor juster still ;
A Gown-man learn'd, a Bishop what you will.
Wise, if a Minister, but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry Thing.
Court Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest Rate,
Born where Heav'n's Influence scarce can penetrate.

An E P I G R A M.

WHAT though the Dean hears not the Knell
Of the next Church's passing Bell ;
What though the Thunder from a Cloud,
Or that from Female Tongue, more loud,
Alarm not ; at the Drapier's Ear
Chink but *Wood's* Half-pence and he'll hear.

The various HUMOURS of MANKIND.

GIVE me a charming Lass, young Rakish cries,
I know no Happiness but Love's sweet Joys,
Give me the Bottle, says the Red-fac'd Sot,
Damn Whores, they are not worth a single Pot.

For

For Flights and Similies the Poet raves,
 The learn'd Philosopher true Knowledge craves;
 The Parson for a Benefice lays wait,
 The proud Man covets to be rich and great:
 The Lover courts to gain a blifsful Spot,
 The nice Sir Courtly wants—he knows not what;
 The Soldier loves to conquer, when he fights,
 And in the Plunder of the Town delights:
 The lustful Matron seeks a strong Gallant,
 The ripe young Virgin does a Husband want,
 But I, poor I, want ev'ry Thing by Turns,
 Except a scolding Wife and Cuckold's Horns.

An EPIGRAM.

A BEGGAR passing *Ludgate-street*,
 A rev'rend Doctor chanc'd to meet;
 Who having in his Looks Devotion,
 The Cripple made this plaintive Motion;
 "Dear worthy Sir, for Heav'n's Sake,
 "On my Misfortunes Pity take;
 "My Sight's decay'd, my Strength is fled,
 "I'm perishing for Want of Bread.
 "Pray, good, dear Sir, one Mite afford,
 "Thou know'st 'tis lending to the Lord."
 Farthings the Doctor had not any,
 So threw the Beggar Half-a-penny; †
 Which afterwards to *Slone* * he sold,
 Who for it gave its Weight in Gold.

On LEGACIES, an EPIGRAM.

THEY who in Life oppress, and then bequeath
 Their Goods to pious Uses at their Death,
 Are like those Drunkards who, when laid asleep,
 Disgorge the Liquor which they cannot keep.

* Sir Hans Slone.

† a Curiosity.

F I N I S.



